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# POEMS,

BY P. J. DUCAREL, ESQ.

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Printed by Ellerton and Byworth, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street.



POEMS,  
ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

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BY

*P. J. DUCAREL, ESQ.*

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VACUÆ CARMINA MENTIS OPUS.      OVID.

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LONDON:  
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TO THE  
PRINCESS ELIZABETH,  
THE CULTIVATED VOTARY,  
AND INDULGENT PATRONESS,  
OF THE SISTERS  
WHO AT HER BIRTH

"AUSPICIOUS SMIL'D, AND O'ER HER CRADLE DROPP'D  
THOSE MAGIC SEEDS OF FANCY WHICH PRODUCE  
A POET'S FEELING AND A PAINTER'S EYE"— MASON.

THIS BOOK IS,  
BY HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S PERMISSION,  
DEDICATED,  
WITH HUMILITY AND GRATITUDE.

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## PREFACE.

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THE poem of “Gunilda” is taken principally from a tale recounted in a book entitled “*Literæ Hoelianæ*,” a course of familiar letters written by James Howell, esq., during part of the reigns of James the First and Charles the First. It is also taken in part from a traditional story of a bird with a white breast, which gives intimation of death to the Ox---m family, whose estates and residence are not very far from Exeter. Mr. Howell in his letters has confirmed, if not the truth of the vision, the antiquity of the superstition.

The former was given me to peruse by a

gentleman and lady, who may possibly avail themselves of the latter, and in their turn receive a timely hint from the winged ambassador, provided that in modern times he has not wholly deserted the family. I am told there is a respectable baronet's family in Yorkshire favoured with similar friendly visits.

I have extracted the letters which relate to the above-mentioned circumstances, for the benefit and amusement of the reader. Fearful of presenting a poem, even as it now stands, more replete with the horrors of the German school than I desired or admire, it will be perceived I have not stuck close to my text. The name of De Coucy is changed into De Courcy, which appeared to me more musical, and more likely to excite an interest; I have given a name to the lady; and Faiel is metamorphosed into Lord Owen.

The extracts follow.

No. I.

“ Some hundred and odd years since, there was in France one Captain Coucy, a gallant gentleman, of an ancient extraction, and keeper of Coucy Castle, which is still standing, and in good repair. He fell in love with a young gentlewoman, and courted her for his wife. There was reciprocal love between them; but her parents understanding of it, by way of prevention they shuffled up a forced match 'twixt her and one Monsieur Faiel, who was a great heir. Captain Coucy hereupon quitted France in discontent, and went to the wars in Hungary against the Turks; where he receiv'd a mortal wound, not far from Buda. Being carried to his lodging, he languish'd some days; but a little before his death, he spoke to an ancient servant of his, that he had many proofs of his fidelity and truth; but now he had a great business to intrust him with, which he conjur'd him by all means to do; which was, that after his death he should get his body to be open'd, and then to take his heart out of his breast, and put it in an earthen pot, to be bak'd

to powder; then to put the powder into a handsome box, with that bracelet of hair he had worn long about his left wrist, which was a lock of Mademoiselle Faiel's hair, and put it amongst the powder, together with a little note he had written with his own blood to her; and after he had given him the rites of burial, to make all the speed he could to France, and deliver the said box to Mademoiselle Faiel. The old servant did as his master had commanded him, and so went to France; and coming one day to Monsieur Faiel's house, he suddenly met with him; who examin'd him, because he knew he was Captain Coucy's servant; and finding him timorous and faltering in his speech, he search'd him, and found the said box in his pocket, with the note, which express'd what was therein. He dismiss'd the bearer with menaces, that he should come no more near his house. Monsieur Faiel going in, sent for his cook, and deliver'd him the powder, charging him to make a little well-relish'd dish of it, without losing a jot of it, for it was a very costly thing; and commanded him to bring it in himself, after the last course at supper. The cook bringing in the dish accordingly, Monsieur Faiel commanded all to void the room, and began a serious discourse with

his wife; How, ever since he had married her, he observ'd she was always melancholy, and he fear'd she was inclining to a consumption; therefore he had provided for her a very precious cordial, which he was well assur'd would cure her. Thereupon he made her eat up the whole dish; and afterward, much importuning him to know what it was, he told her at last she had eaten Coucy's heart!—and so drew the box out of his pocket, and shew'd her the note and bracelet. In a sudden exultation of joy, she with a far-fetch'd sigh said, This is precious indeed!—and so lick'd the dish, saying, It is so precious, that 'tis pitty ever to put any meat upon't. So she went to bed, and in the morning she was found stone-dead. This sad story is painted in Coucy Castle, and remains fresh to this day.”

## No. II.

“ Sir,

“ I thank you a thousand times for the noble entertainment you gave me at Berry, and the pains you took in shewing me the antiquities of that place. In requital, I can tell you of a strange thing I saw lately here, and I believe 'tis true. As I pass'd by

St. Dunstan's, in Fleet Street, the last Saturday, I stepped into a lapidary or stone-cutter's shop, to treat with the master for a stone to be put upon my father's tomb; and casting my eyes up and down, I might spy a huge marble, with a large inscription upon't; which was thus, to my best remembrance:

‘ Here lies John Oxenham, a goodly young man  
‘ in whose chamber as he was struggling with the  
‘ pangs of death, a bird with a white breast, was  
‘ seen fluttering about his bed, and so vanish’d.’

“ Then another sister is spoken of. Then,

‘ Here lies hard by James Oxenham the son of  
‘ the said John who dyed a child in his cradle a lit-  
‘ tle after, and such a bird was seen fluttering about  
‘ his head, a little before he expir’d, which vanish’d  
‘ afterwards.’

“ At the bottom of the stone there is—

‘ Here lies Elizabeth Oxenham; the mother of  
‘ the said John, who died sixteen years since, when  
‘ such a bird with a white breast was seen about her  
‘ bed before her death.’



“ To all these there be divers witnesses, both squires and ladies whose names are engraven upon the stone. This stone is to be sent to a town hard by Exeter, where this happen'd. Were you here, I could raise a choice discourse with you hereupon. So hoping to see you the next term, to requite some of your favors, I rest.

“ Westm. July 3, 1632.”

---

I have little to say with regard to the second tale in the book, entitled “ Frederick and Matilda,” excepting, that I never composed the most trivial poem without being called upon by some event that has awakened my particular feelings. I do not mean to insinuate that the tale is founded on fact.

As in dreaming the imagination is rendered more capricious, and capable of the wildest flights, the judgement and memory at the same time less regular and obnoxious to controul, the

order and connexion of the dream, from which the poem so named is taken, struck me forcibly, and induced me to commit it to writing the morning after it occurred. I acknowledge the subject and its morality is trite.

Aware that it is a bold undertaking to venture on publication, I am anxious it should not be imagined I place any superabundant confidence in the merit of what I offer.

Non tumidis agimur velis Aquilone secundo  
Non tamen adversis ætatem ducimus Austris  
Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re  
Extremi primorum.                      HOR. Epist. II. lib. 2.

I will not conclude without recommending myself, with a becoming deference, to the indulgence of the public and the clemency of the critic.

Quare habe quicquid hoc libelli est et  
Qualecunque.                                      CATUL.

# CONTENTS.

---

GUNILDA . . . . .	Page 1
FREDERICK AND MATILDA . . . . .	31
ODE . . . . .	73
DREAM . . . . .	79
MISCELLANIES.	
Tibullus, Book I. Elegy I. . . . .	95
Tibullus, Book I. Elegy III. . . . .	101
A Nuptial Strain . . . . .	108
Madrigal . . . . .	115
Confirmation of Bertha . . . . .	117
L'aura soave a cui governo e vela ( <i>Petrarch</i> ) . . . . .	120
To Emma . . . . .	125
On the Death of G----- B----- H-----, Esq. . . . .	130
Quoniam de fonte leporum ( <i>Lucretius</i> ) . . . . .	137
Vellit et admonuit ( <i>Virgil</i> ) . . . . .	141
The Death of Love . . . . .	144
Song . . . . .	146
Epigram, from Martial . . . . .	147
At his Brother's Tomb, from Catullus . . . . .	148
On reading a Monody . . . . .	150
On the Death of Lady Georgiana Stewart . . . . .	152
To the Swallow . . . . .	155
To R----- S-----, Esq. . . . .	157
Ergo Quintilium ( <i>Horace</i> ) . . . . .	162
To my Sister . . . . .	168
The Woodman's Reply . . . . .	170
Surripui tibi dum ludis ( <i>Catullus</i> ) . . . . .	173

#### ERRATA.

Page 16, at the bottom, *for* "Preface," *read* "Preface to Crebillon."

Page 61, line 7, *for* "a friendly gleam," *read* "with friendly gleam."

G U N I L D A.



## G U N I L D A.

---

· **T**HE lamp of day behind the western hill  
Is hid, but gleams a crimson glory still :  
Nature is hush'd; and lovely to the view  
The arch of heaven immeasurably blue :  
Ev'ning with balmy influence steals away,  
From the sooth'd air, the fever of the day :  
And nightingales from many a spray disclose,  
Dainty variety, their wrong-caus'd woes :  
Gunilda, listening to the plaintive song,  
Muses in thought, and slowly moves along.

And would ye know, why, gentlest of the fair,  
 Gunilda's features have the stamp of care?  
 In bloom of years, and every youthful grace,  
 Why tears of grief bedew her lovely face?  
 De Courcy woo'd; Gunilda lov'd the youth,  
 With all the virgin purity of truth.  
 Ah! whosoe'er first rent the ties that bind \*  
 Two gentle hearts, was more than brutes unkind!  
 Lo, from the "shrine of heraldry and pride,"  
 Her sire enjoin'd; the gentle maid comply'd;  
 Lord Owen bore away his weeping bride:  
 And where yon turrets, low'ring o'er the flood  
 That foams beneath, are bosom'd high in wood;

\* Qui primum caram Juveni carumque puellæ  
 Eripuit Juvenem ferreus ille fuit.



There art, and grandeur, with unwearied toil,  
Seek from their mistress to obtain a smile :  
For her, nor art nor grandeur brings relief;  
No not a pause, a little pause of grief!

Behold; the dame, till spreads the darker shade  
Of beauteous night, still haunts the dewy glade;  
Turns to the golden stars, that gem the skies,  
The large blue orbs of her angelic eyes;  
Then pour'd a pray'r.—Lo! sudden on her sight  
Burst a mild beam of unexpected light;  
And, from above the gentle mourner's head,  
A silver ray of twilight softness shed;  
And not a sound disturb'd the dale or hill,  
Nor breezes bore a murmur from the rill.  
Around her path a boding raven wings

A solemn flight, and wheels in mystic rings;  
 His sable plumes of jet his weight upbear,  
 Silent as Morpheus floats upon the air:  
 And from his breast an emanating light  
 Silver'd the sombre mantle of the night.

Hark to the heavenly melody that dwells  
 On Zephyr's balmy breath! that softly swells!  
 Borne on the gentle bosom of the air,  
 It whispers comfort to the trembling fair.  
 Ah! whence the rapture of the heart, when sounds  
 Of breathing harmony heal all its wounds?  
 Say, to th' immortal mind do they restore  
 Some traces of existence heretofore\*;

\* Sacontala, or Magic Ring.---SIR W. JONES.

Some faint impression, and which haply seems  
 A memory alone of pleasing dreams;  
 Which the returning cares of every day  
 Efface in part, yet sweep not all away?

A secret transport in her bosom flows;  
 A joy, a stranger joy, within her glows:  
 Yet 'tis a chasten'd sentiment: with awe,  
 With fear, the bright phenomenon she saw.  
 To all her race, this messenger of heav'n,  
 Ere their last hour, had intimation giv'n:  
 And life for her had nothing to bestow,  
 But the same wearying round of splendid woe.  
 She hails the omen, and recalls to mind  
 Its awful warning, not to her confin'd.

Homeward at length her pensive course she bends;  
 The hovering bird assiduously attends:  
 Where'er she moves, a trembling lustre strays,  
 And on the green leaf innocently plays.  
 Sweet are the notes of harmony she hears;  
 Music of rapture! language of the spheres!  
 Such in its course each orb of glory sings\*,  
 In grateful homage to the King of Kings:  
 A strain that whispers, as it speeds to heav'n  
 The meek and trembling soul, of sins forgiv'n.

\* There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,  
 But in his motion like an angel sings.---MER. OF VENICE.

Plato, in his tenth book *De Republica*, represents a syren on each of the eight orbs, and singing to each in its proper tone, &c.

Mr. du Bois, at the end of his Greek translations, has pointed out this beautiful resemblance or coincidence.

The light is gone—the music heard no more—  
 Gunilda enter'd at the castle door.  
 Loud rings the castle with tumultuous joys :  
 Lord Owen banquets amid mirth and noise.  
 Let the proud goblet foam ; be earth, be air,  
 Ransack'd for every luxury of fare.  
 The merry dance let youths and maidens form,  
 Till passion kindles, and desire grows warm ;  
 And not a serious sentiment controul  
 The wild delirium of the careless soul.

Lord Owen, thy proud pomp, thy gaudy train  
 Of sickly parasites but laugh in vain ;  
 The giddy murmurs of unmeaning joy  
 Wound th' afflicted heart; not gratify.

The dazzling feast, and all the proud parade  
 Of dress, of midnight balls, of masquerade ;  
 Believe it not that such as these beguile  
 Thy beauteous wedded victim to a smile :  
 Far other thoughts, of unexampled kind,  
 Unbend the steady tenor of her mind.  
 Gunilda, light of heart, and yet not gay ;  
 Present indeed, but all her thoughts away ;  
 Calmly complacent, notes beyond the tomb  
 Scenes of repose and lovelier prospects bloom.

Lord Owen frowns ; a counterfeited glee  
 Mark in his forc'd and fitful gaiety !  
 Now lost he seems ; now starting up amain,  
 Rous'd to the business of the feast again.  
 Some busy thought deprives his mind of rest,

Some scheme of evil agitates his breast :  
 Else why those clouds of darkness, that deform  
 His gloomly forehead ; and portend a storm.  
 A feverish calm precedes !—Lord Owen, pause !  
 Heed the still voice of conscience, heed the laws  
 Implanted in the heart by God's command,  
 Which none can fly, none silence, none withstand.  
 So, ere her offspring she to death consign'd,  
 A tumult rag'd in proud Althæa's mind\* :  
 And now maternal tenderness assail'd,  
 And now the sister and revenge prevail'd :

\* . . . . . Pugnat materque sororque,  
 Et diversa trahunt unum duo nomina pectus.  
 Sæpe metu sceleris pallebant ora futuri ;  
 Sæpe suum fervens oculis dabat ira ruborem  
 Et modo nescio quid similis crudele minanti  
 Vultus erat ; modo quem misereri credere posses.  
 OVID, lib. viii.

Awhile to pity mov'd, her tears would flow  
 O'er her pale check, sad tokens of her woe;  
 And oft the billet on the fire she strove  
 To place—in vain; check'd by a parent's love:  
 As oft the crime would in her features wear  
 The guilty form of criminal despair;  
 And all the furious passions of her heart  
 From her red eye-balls in a flash would start.

“Page, to thy mistress,” the lord Owen cries,  
 “Bear of this dish; say 'tis a taste I prize.”—  
 “Madam,” he adds, “with anguish and dismay  
 I mark thy beauty fade, thy strength decay:  
 Behold, yon food, prepar'd with costly art,  
 Is sov'reign medicine for thine aching heart.  
 Eat at thy lord's request. Lo! stranger hands



Brought hither its contents, from distant lands,  
 Where his proud stream majestic Ister pours,  
 And frowning o'er the plain where Buda towers."

Pale is the fair at mention of the name  
 Of Buda's walls, and Ister's lordly stream :  
 Within its cell, the drop that upward crept,  
 With a laborious difficulty kept ;  
 For ah ! De Courcy in despair had fled,  
 What time, compell'd by cruelty to wed,  
 Gunilda plighted to her lord her truth ;  
 To Buda's wall had fled the hapless youth,  
 Against the turban'd infidel to wield,  
 In scenes of war and death, the spear and shield :  
 Nor had report of his uncertain doom  
 (The wreath of victory or an early tomb)

Reliev'd her anxious mind. And now, behold  
 Before her plac'd the costly plate of gold :  
 A chilling stream of shiv'ring horror flows  
 Through every vein, and at her heart it froze.

Obedient to lord Owen's stern command,  
 Gunilda to the dish stretch'd forth her hand ;  
 Trembling the mix'd ingredients she survey'd,  
 Trembling a portion to her lips convey'd ;  
 Bursts the red lightning ; rocks and hills rebound  
 The roar of thunder ; quakes the groaning ground.

Lord Owen sits unaw'd : aloud he calls—  
 His voice re-echoes round the lofty walls—  
 “ Bring forth the wretch, whom our just wrath de-  
 tains

In the dark dungeon's gloom fast bound in chains,  
 And bid him straight prepare, with reverence  
     meet,

To lay his message at the lady's feet ;  
 Let him the wond'rous mystery relate  
 Of yonder dish, and of De Courcy's fate.—  
 Madam, the heart your beauties held fast bound  
 Is all your own ; the heart wherein you found  
 Charms to endear ; your hapless lord the while  
 Unblest, uncheer'd with one reluctant smile ;  
 The same fond faithful heart has been your food :  
 'Tis certify'd in characters of blood,  
 That from De Courcy stream'd, a purple flood."

In haste the deed of horror to attest,  
 He draws a blood-stain'd billet from his vest :

Frantic with agitation he displays ;  
 With frenzied eye and tott'ring steps conveys,  
 Ev'n to the dame, who, palsied at the view,  
 As pale as marble seem'd, as lifeless too.  
 Thyestes \*, such thine agony of soul,  
 When first thine eye explor'd the gory bowl,

\* *Atrée et Thyeste*, tragédie de la plus grande manière, est tirée en partie de Seneque, mais M. de Crebillon a bien surpassé son modele. La reconnaissance d'Atrée et de Thyeste est un tableau terrible, dont la scene Française offre peu d'exemples. La scene Angloise en offre encore moins qui égalent l'instant où Atrée veut faire boire a Thyeste le sang de son propre fils.

#### THYESTE.

Mais que vois Je perfide ? Ah grands dieux ! quelle horreur !  
 C'est du sang ! tout le mien se glace dans mon cœur.  
 Le soleil s'obscurcit ; et la coupe sanglante  
 Semble fuir, d'elle même a cette main tremblante.  
 Je me meurs. Ah mon fils ! qu'etes vous devenu ?

PREFACE.

Presented by a brother's hand, defil'd  
With the yet-steaming life-blood of thy child.

The clank of chains proclaim'd the prisoner nigh;  
Wan was his haggard cheek, and dimm'd his eye;  
And wintry age with hoary frost o'erspread  
The scatter'd honours of his reverend head.  
E'en such a man, despite of inborn worth\*,  
So stricken with grief, so humbled to the earth,  
Suppliant and sad, before the suitor throng,

\* *Ἀλχιμολον δὲ μετ' αὐτον ἐδυσετο δωματ' Ὀδυσσευς  
Πτωχῷ λευγαλεῷ ἐναλιγκίῳ, ἠδὲ γερῶντι  
Σκηπτομένῳ· τὰ δὲ λυγρὰ περὶ χρωτὶ εἴματα ἔστο.  
Ὅμ. Ὀδ. Ρ.*

Next came Ulysses lowly at the door,  
A figure despicably old and poor,  
In squalid vest with many a gaping rent,  
Propt on a staff, and trembling as he went.

POPE'S ODYSSEY, xvii.

Slow mov'd the king of Ithaca along.  
 " Lady," he said, and lowly bow'd, " oh ! see,  
 In this unhappy form of misery,  
 One whom De Courcy lov'd, and known to thee,  
 Ere foul misfortune furrow'd o'er my face,  
 And stamp'd upon my squalid mien disgrace.  
 Belov'd De Courcy cradled in these arms ;  
 Oft have I hush'd his infantine alarms ;  
 Watch'd as he grew, through every change pursu'd,  
 And mingled tears of sorrow with his blood !  
 Lady, 'tis Edmond's task a tale to bear  
 Shall on thy lovely front engrave despair ;  
 Ev'n such despair as Sigismunda \* knew,  
 With Tancred's gift presented to her view.

\* Dryden's Fables.

“ What time lord Owen had decreed to wed,  
 The brave, unblest, the good De Courcy fled.  
 Companion of his flight, where’er he rov’d,  
 My tried fidelity he priz’d, and lov’d :  
 But ah ! no art, no varied scene could wrest  
 Thine image, lady, from De Courcy’s breast.  
 Yet vain complaint pass’d not his lips, aware  
 Of worldly griefs all have alike their share.—  
 Lord Owen, thou hast thine—severer pains,  
 Perchance, than I endure, though galled with chains.  
 Lodged in a dungeon, pillow’d by the stones,  
 Uttering to flinty walls my plaint in groans,  
 My soul reposes with complacence still,  
 Aye on a couch of down—a conscience void of ill.

\\

“ The call of glory rous’d the knight to arm :  
The haughty Turk spread terror and alarm ;  
Menac’d were Buda’s towers ; War’s ruthless hand  
Fatten’d with Christian blood the thirsty land.  
De Courcy fought, and, prodigal of breath  
(His fondest hope an honourable death),  
Where fiercest rag’d the foe he boldly prest,  
And many a cruel weapon reach’d his breast !  
Fast pour’d the life from many a ruby wound !  
These arms uprais’d him gently from the ground ;  
Safe from the scenes of murder they convey’d,  
And on the couch their honour’d burden laid.  
Languid he spake, and bent a look on me ;  
‘ Swear by thy love, thy try’d fidelity,  
To heed my last request, and, faithful still,  
All I enjoin attentively fulfil.’



He said : with holy reverence, from on high,  
 To note my vow, I hail'd the Deity ;  
 That, whatsoe'er De Courcy will'd, this hand  
 Should execute with zeal the dear command ;  
 No force should check my purpose, or delay ;  
 No difficulty daunt ; no menaces dismay.

“ Then from his throbbing breast he feebly drew  
 Yon billet, lady, dy'd a crimson hue  
 In blood which from the purest source fast flow'd,  
 The truest heart that e'er with passion glow'd :  
 That heart, by these my hands, his legacy,  
 Embalm'd, inurn'd, De Courcy will'd to thee.  
 Anxious I sought these walls : a sturdy crew  
 Of spearmen from the lofty portal flew :  
 Stripp'd of my sacred charge, myself immur'd,

These tott'ring limbs have cruelty endure'd.  
 Time was, when force the hoary head rever'd."—  
 Salt drops of anguish trickled o'er his beard.

“ Enough, good Edmond : spare,” Gunilda said,  
 “ My aching sense, ere yet all sense be dead.  
 The virtuous poor are Heav'n's peculiar care,  
 And Heav'n for thee will heed Gunilda's prayer.

“ What iron age, my lord, what guilty clime,  
 Afford examples that may match thy crime?  
 I'll class thy deeds with such as the just gods  
 Avenge for ever in the black abodes ;  
 Of Lydian Tantalus the time renew,  
 Who his own offspring barbarously slew,

A banquet of his limbs (oh feast abhorr'd !)  
 Before th' immortals plac'd upon the board ;  
 With such a deed as hapless Progne \* wails,  
 Borne fleetly on the Chelidonian † gales.

\* Progne was, according to Ovid, transformed into a swallow. See *Philomela et Itys*, lib. vi. fab. viii.

† Virgil, in the sixth Eclogue, changes Philomela into the swallow :

Aut ut mutatos Terci narraverit artus:  
 Quas illi Philomela dapes quæ dona pararit ?  
 Quo cursu deserta petiverit, et quibus ante  
 Infelix sua tecta supervolitaverit alis ?

But in his fourth Georgic he makes her a nightingale :

Qualis populea mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ  
 Amissos queritur fœtus ; quos durus arator  
 Observans nido implumes detraxit : at illa  
 Flet noctem ramoque sedens miserabile carmen  
 Integrat et mœstis late loca questibus implet.

† The Chelidonian winds are the swallow winds. The Chelidoniæ were three islands over-against the mountain Taurus,

“ Obedient to my honour’d sire’s command,  
 To thee, my lord, I yielded up my hand.  
 Say, is the hapless tenor of my life  
 Blurr’d with one fault unworthy of thy wife?  
 True I have griev’d. To thee De Courcy’s love  
 Was known full well : in vain, in vain, I strove  
 To warp thee from thy purpose, to resign  
 This tortur’d heart, which never could be thine :  
 But thou wast pitiless, obdurate still ;  
 A father’s frown reduc’d me to thy will.  
 Oh ! what are wealth, and honours, and the pride  
 Of haughty blood to haughty blood allied,  
 When with their charms a parent’s mind beguil’d

accounted unfortunate to mariners ; and the swallows were  
 supposed to winter in the holes of their rocks.

Barters for these the feelings of his child.

What, but a base inexorable deed

Poor Iphigen a sacrifice decreed

By Agamemnon's stern behest to bleed.

I thank thee from my soul; yon precious food

On me alone thy cruelty bestow'd;

That heart, which thence no human pow'r could  
chase,

Finds, in this bosom finds, its resting-place;

A sepulture best suited, fram'd to be

The grave of all his love, his constancy:

And though revenge inspir'd thy frenzied mind,

I'll hail the deed beneficent and kind;

For thou hast join'd in death two hearts for ever,

Which ne'er again or force or fraud can sever.

Lord Owen, though the universal cry  
 Of outrag'd nature, and humanity,  
 Lash thine offence, and load thee with rebuke;  
 Though Heaven regard thee with indignant look;  
 My soul, envelop'd in her misery,  
 True to herself, her conscious dignity,  
 Soars above earth, and still can pity thee:  
 Victim of thy revenge, can mark, in thine,  
 One agitated more, and agonis'd, than mine."

She spake; and all around the list'ning train  
 Hung in attention, wond'ring at the strain;  
 Till, with a majesty divine inspir'd,  
 Slowly she rose, and silently retir'd.

Portentous omen!—Mark the glory spread,

The circling light that wreaths her lovely head !  
 The bird mysterious, that emits the ray !  
 As hung the eagle o'er his Phrygian \* prey ;  
 Watchful her every movement to pursue,  
 As sad Alcyone o'er Ceyx flew !

She seeks her chamber, to indulge in tears ;  
 And still the mystic messenger appears.  
 Attentively she gazes : the blest sight  
 Conveys serene emotions of delight.  
 Hark to the voice, that says, or seems to say,  
 “ Thy sister spirits chide thy dull delay !  
 They claim their lov'd Gunilda ; and will bear

\* Ganymedes.

Her soul entranc'd, enraptur'd, through the air;  
Waft her to climes from every sorrow free,  
Where tears and sighs, are joy and ecstasy."

A slumber o'er her senses seem'd to creep,  
Half clos'd her beauteous orbs—it was not sleep.  
And as with earnest gaze the fix'd eye views  
Some air-borne object, and intent pursues;  
Till now a speck the less'ning form appears,  
And now dissolv'd where float the rolling spheres:  
But if the glance again be turn'd below,  
The faint head swims, and darkness veils the brow.  
E'en so the world, Gunilda, seem'd to thee—  
An object dwindling in eternity;  
And so o'erpower'd thy mortal sight the gloom,



The sombre shadows of the awful tomb ;  
Till, transport wing'd, thy spirit soar'd away,  
Gave back to earth its effigy of clay,  
Depriv'd of all its animating breath,  
Yet lovely in the icy arms of Death.



FREDERICK AND MATILDA.



## FREDERICK AND MATILDA.

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SOFT blew the vernal gales, o'er beds of flow'rs  
Refresh'd by wholesome dews and sweetest show'rs,  
Around the calm retreat that Frederick chose—  
His safe asylum from a world of woes.  
Unnumber'd plants that most delight the eye,  
Emblems of beauty and mortality,  
With nicest skill attended, to the ray  
Genial and cheering of the god of day,  
Spread forth their many-colour'd tints, endu'd  
For care bestow'd with seeming gratitude.  
What varied prospects decorate the scene!

Rich fertile valleys of luxuriant green,  
 And gradual swells of graceful hills around,  
 With waving woods their awful summits crown'd :  
 Where oft in musing he would pass away,  
 O'er Myra's loss, the melancholy day ;  
 For, young in years, in sad experience old—  
 (Scarcely five lustres o'er his head had roll'd)—  
 Lo ! he had largely drain'd, with anguish fraught,  
 Of keen affliction the embitter'd draught :  
 Had lov'd, and mourn'd the object rent away ;  
 Ere yet unfolded, suffer'd to decay.

Beneath a covert of embow'ring wood,  
 Modest and neat his white-wall'd cottage stood.  
 Within, no lure of luxury refin'd,  
 Enfeebling both the body and the mind.

'The couch of down, with silk and satins gay,  
Where Indolence the hours might lounge away;  
The giant glass, by Vanity supply'd,  
Reflecting vain conceit and empty pride;  
And costly carpets; and, in stately show,  
Volumes superb display'd in golden row,  
Whose fair arrangement might indeed produce  
Much pompous ornament, and little use;  
Were banish'd far away, to greet the eye  
Of Ignorance and light Frivolity :  
But on his shelf conspicuously glow'd,  
As glorious most, the sacred Book of God.  
In his less serious hours his letter'd mind  
From classic lore extracted sweets refin'd;  
From Homer's verse of thunder, and the strain  
And milder beauties of the Mantuan swain :

And each great bard, whose never-dying name  
 Lives in the records of immortal Fame.  
 Dear to his heart his native Muse. She smooth'd  
 His path through life, and in affliction sooth'd :  
 She was the lov'd companion of his hours,  
 Whence, when with thorns beset, he gather'd flow'rs ;  
 Cull'd ever-varying sweets with " Nature's child,"  
 Wand'ring from cultur'd path to fragrant wild ;  
 Glow'd with celestial warmth o'er Milton's line,  
 O'er stately Dryden's energy divine ;  
 Dwelt with delight on Pope's harmonious lyre,  
 Its measur'd melody and temper'd fire ;  
 Smil'd with the pleasing notes of artless Gay ;  
 Trac'd pensively the elegy of Gray ;  
 The classic elegance of Mason priz'd ;  
 With Cowper wept by turns, and moralis'd.



One morn it chanc'd his early walk he bent—  
On virtuous deeds his secret thoughts intent—  
To a low cot, where aged Richard pin'd,  
Feeble with malady, in pain reclin'd.  
Fast by his side benevolently beam'd  
A form divine ; a beauteous maid, that seem'd  
A gentle spirit from the realms above,  
The minister of Pity and of Love !  
Fred'rick, oppress'd, and labouring to breathe,  
The vast emotion nearly sinks beneath :  
Th' angelic wonder casts a look around ;  
Sees the pale object rooted to the ground ;  
And a vermillion blush of lovely shame  
To immortality denies her claim ;  
Then, with a light step gliding to the door,  
The lovely vision he beholds no more.

Thus, sportive, the proud arch of heav'n displays  
 In summer eve, a meteoric blaze \*;  
 Which, though it fall not, yet would still appear  
 To quit at once the star-illumin'd sphere;  
 And the struck eye of man intent admires  
 Where vanish'd from his sight the playful fires.

Awhile in motionless amaze he stood,  
 Ere the impeded progress of the blood  
 Resum'd its course; and aged Richard broke  
 The silence; and in falt'ring accents spoke :

“ My benefactor! with intention kind,  
 Such as impels thy ever-gentle mind,

\* Ut interdum de cœlo stella sereno,  
 Etsi non cecidet, potuit cecidisse videri. OVID, lib. 2.

Yon angel came, a moment to beguile  
And cheer the couch of sickness with a smile ;  
And surely sent on earth from yonder sky,  
In its benevolence and charity.  
Far as the eye extends its glance around,  
From house to house her eulogies resound.  
The lord of the surrounding hills and plains,  
The virtuous Oswald, purchas'd these domains :  
This is his daughter, object of his cares,  
Comfort and hope of his declining years."

Fred'rick reply'd not : slowly from the door  
His feet insensibly their master bore,  
To where, 'mid over-arching trees, apart  
He vents the passion of his throbbing heart.

“ Say, did these eyes behold? Ah no! ah no!  
 My mind is warp’d with mem’ry of my woe.  
 Yet ’twas her very look—or from above  
 An angel blest me with her smile of love.  
 And on her cheek the self-same roses worn,  
 Lovely as early tint of blushing morn.  
 Aye, and the flowing ringlets of her hair,  
 Shedding ambrosial odours on the air.”  
 Then, lost at once in thought, he ceas’d to speak;  
 On his left hand supporting his pale cheek \*:  
 Nor dropp’d a single tear, nor heav’d a groan,  
 But like Aglauros sate, transform’d to stone †.

\* *Sopra l'un braccio a riposar le gote  
 Ed in un gran pensiar tanto penetra;  
 Che par cangiato in insensibil' pietra.* ARIOSTO.

† *Nec conata loqui est; nec si conata fuisset,*

Sudden a female shriek assails his ear :  
 He rushes with the fleetness of the deer,  
 That, closely follow'd by the yelping hound,  
 Darting along but barely skims the ground.  
 He glows, he pants ; and Heav'n conducts in time  
 His aid to check the meditated crime.  
 Raymond he sees, who, like the hungry dam  
 Of lion whelps, that rushes on a lamb,  
 With barb'rous force had fasten'd on the maid,  
 Struggling in vain ; who shriek'd aloud for aid :  
 Dear lovely object, that so late impress'd  
 With hurried train of thoughts his anxious breast !—

Vocis haberet iter. Saxum jam colla tenebat,  
 Oraque duruerant ; signum exsangue sedebat.

OVID, lib. 2.

Raymond retires; terrors his sense appal;  
Aye, "Conscience will make cowards of us all."  
And had a virtuous aim his arm requir'd,  
Had generous motives to attempt inspir'd,  
Raymond had drawn the sword, had bravely fought,  
And wreaths of victory had nobly bought.  
But, oh! he lov'd: his fruitless suit preferr'd:  
Matilda smil'd not; with impatience heard:  
For he was rude of speech; nor knew the art  
To win with gentleness her virgin heart.  
Long time he roam'd, and rav'd, nor could command  
His passion's impulse, nor its force withstand.  
He mark'd the fav'rite haunt where rang'd the maid;  
Burst on her innocence; and, undismay'd  
By virtuous dignity, by beauty's pray'rs,  
By crystal torrents of pellucid tears,

Seizes with rough rude hand the tender prey.—

But Fred'rick's aspect chas'd the fiend away.

Low on the earth see poor Matilda laid,  
In icy fetters held the fainted maid  
On the extremest verge of life; and pale  
Her drooping looks, as lilies of the vale.  
Fred'rick supports her fair and feeble head;  
Trembling he fears th' ætherial spirit fled;  
And utters soothing words, and gentle phrase;  
Fix'd on her eyes with undiverted gaze:

“ Ye zephyrs, breathe; and, aromatic flow'rs,  
Yield costly balm; descend in dew, ye show'rs;  
Cherish the flutt'ring life with dulcet song,  
Ye choirs the undulating leaves among,

Till to its fair abode the spark returns,  
 And with a flame divine informs and burns.  
 Thou genial sun \*, compliant with my pray'r,  
 Thy healing influence diffuse through air;  
 Such as with hymns of sacred harmony  
 Thy Grecian votaries ascrib'd to thee;  
 Or who, to court thy renovating smile,  
 Have hail'd thee Horus † on the banks of Nile:

\* Huc ades et teneræ morbos expelle puellæ,  
 Iluc ades intonsâ Phæbe superbe comâ;  
 Crede mihi propera: nec te jam Phæbe pigebit  
 Formosæ medicas applicuisse manus.      TIB. *Eleg.* iv.

† Of four Apollos mentioned by Cicero, it appears that the three last were Greeks, and the first an Egyptian, who, according to Herodotus, was the son of Isis and Osiris, and called Orus, or Horus. Diodorus Siculus, in speaking of Isis, after saying she had invented the practice of medicine, adds, She taught it to her son Orus, or Apollo.



And I'll, perhaps, with tributary strain,  
 My votive tablet hang in Isis' \* fane ;  
 For, ah ! how easy does the deed appear  
 To turn idolator, when gazing here !”

Meanwhile, with hurried step and wild affright,  
 Raymond to distant gloom directs his flight ;  
 Where a vast rock rears high its tow'ring head,  
 Rugged, and bare, with scatter'd bushes spread :  
 From whence the eye of Wonder ranges round  
 O'er azure seas, that turbulent resound.  
 In its vast womb a cavern stands apart,  
 By Nature form'd, or by the hand of Art :

i

\* Nunc Dea, nunc succurre mihi, nam posse mederi  
 Picta docet templis multa tabella tuis.      Tib. *Eleg.* iiii.

Such as Vulcanian Cacus chose of yore,  
 And dew'd with human blood the purple floor;  
 Till, proud of recent spoils he brought from Spain,  
 The brave Alcides had the monster slain :  
 Or such, perchance, as whence, with wily scheme,  
 Ulysses 'scap'd from blinded Polypheme.

Here were partakers of his guilt retir'd,  
 Eager to execute whate'er requir'd;  
 For he had plann'd to bear the prize away,  
 And to their ready zeal confide the prey :  
 But Heav'n has interpos'd : his bosom burns  
 With disappointed lust, and wrath, by turns.

“ Revenge ! revenge ! ” he cries, “ shall yield nor  
 rest

Nor respite to my agonising breast.

Yon wretch that caus'd these coward feet to fly,

Now, by my shame! by heav'n! by hell! shall die.

Tell me, my soul, weak puny slave of fear,

Whence sprang the terror that pursu'd me here?

Did not these arms her lovely limbs entwine?

Did not her throbbing bosom beat on mine?

And I could meanly prize e'en life above

The haughty conquest of her stubborn love!

And I could fly imaginary harms

(As with the deer a shadow yields alarms),

And tamely thus resign Matilda's charms!

Oh! I have lov'd! My mind with fiercest flame

Would kindle at bare mention of her name;

And, oh! one look of kindness had restor'd

This erring heart, that more than lov'd—ador'd!

He on my hopes, perchance, that durst intrude,

Shall claim her love, on score of gratitude.  
 This dear deliv'rer, whom injurious Fate  
 (Fierce is my love, and fiercer be my hate!)  
 Hurried to timely rescue—mark his doom!—  
 This hand devotes in vengeance to the tomb.  
 He shall not riot in lost ecstasy  
 Amid the dear delights unknown to me:  
 He shall not to thy gentle heart be press'd;  
 He shall not fold thee to his wanton breast.  
 At the bare thought, my passion scorns controul,  
 And racks and tortures harrow up my soul.”

Thus roars the bull, impatient for the fight \*,  
 When goading stings of jealousy excite:

\* Non altramente ove l'inditi  
 Geloso amor con stimoli pungenti  
 Horribilmente mugge, et co' mugiti

Against some trunk his crooked horn he grinds,  
 And with rough blows assails the empty winds:  
 Full horribly the bellowing echoes roll,  
 And rouse the boiling courage of his soul.

Meanwhile the country round, with anxious  
                   thought,  
 Oswald his lost and lov'd Matilda sought.  
 Thus with her blazing torch, o'er wood and wild,  
 Sicilian Ceres sought her ravish'd child.  
 His servants shout the shady woods among,  
 Or trace the river's flow'ry bank along;  
 As by his sad companions call'd in vain,

Gli spirti in se risveglia, e l' ire ardenti  
 E i corni aguzza ai tronchi e par ch' inviti  
 Con vani colpi a' la battaglia i venti.

TASSO.

Lost Hylas! Hylas! over hill and plain\*:

Hylas, whom Pagasæan Argo bore,

Alcides' favour'd youth, to Mysian shore;

Who, bending, sought, with thirst oppress'd, to raise†

Refreshing water in his brazen vase:

From her pure fountain, Ephedratia strove

\* The story of Hylas has furnished to many poets a beautiful theme. Theocritus, Virgil, Propertius, have severally introduced it into their compositions.

His adjungit, Hylan nautæ quo fonte relictum

Clamassent: ut littus Hyla, Hyla omne sonaret.

VIRG. *Ecl.* vi.

† Αὐταρ ὄγ' ὡς ταπρωτὰ ῥω ἐνὶ καλπὸν εἰσεῖσε  
 Λεχρὶς ἐπιχρὶμφθεις, περὶ δ' ἀσπετον ἔβραχεν ὕδωρ  
 Χαλχὸν ἐσηχηντὰ φορευμενον· αὐτικὰ δὴ γε  
 Λαῖον μὲν καθυπερβεν ἐπ' αὐχενὸς ἀνθετο πηχυν  
 Κυσαὶ ἐπιθυούσα τέρεν στομα· δεξιτέρῃ δὲ  
 Ἀγκῶν ἐσπασε χεὶρι μέσῃ δ' ἐνκαῖβαλε δινῇ.

*Argonautics*, APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

With a sweet kiss to dew his lips of love ;  
Her arm th' enamour'd naïad fondly threw  
Around his neck, and to the bottom drew.

“ Matilda! oh Matilda!” Oswald cries;  
And Echo the lov'd name responsive sighs;  
“ Whither, alas! have thy lost footsteps stray'd?  
What cause thy ever-watch'd return delay'd?  
How have I warn'd lest sad mishap arrive!  
How should thy parent thy mishap survive!”

But, lo! a caution'd messenger draws near,  
And with glad tidings greets the parent's ear.  
Joyful towards his home the sire returns;  
With fond affectionate impatience burns;  
And Fred'rick meets the good old man, declares

His tale with prudence, kindly soothes his fears.  
 The good old man the friendly youth beholds;  
 With grateful transport to his bosom folds;  
 'Then seeks the couch where Fred'rick's care had laid,  
 Nursling of Innocence, the darling maid.

On polish'd iv'ry as the vermeil red \*  
 By the nice hand is with attention spread ;  
 Or a stray feather, that the keen winds blow  
 From Robin's breast upon a bank of snow;  
 So, at the Sov'reign Will, the rose bespeaks  
 Returning health, and slightly tints her cheeks.  
 Oppress'd with sighs, scarce able to respire,  
 Bends in mute ecstasy the aged sire,

\* Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro,  
 Si quis ebur.

VIRGIL.



And hangs his head of venerable snows :  
 Around his neck her lily arms she throws :  
 In either crystal orb of her dimm'd eye  
 A tear stands trembling ; and a smother'd sigh,  
 With wild commotion and convulsive start,  
 Within her bosom agitates her heart ;  
 Till nature, quite o'ercome, obtain'd relief  
 From the pure sources of transparent grief.  
 “ As in the vernal season falls the rain \*

\* Era il bel viso suo quale esser suole  
 Di primavera alcuna volta il cielo,  
 Quando il pioggia cade, e a un tempo il Sole  
 Si sgombra intorno il nubiloso velo ;  
 E come il rosignuol dolci carole  
 Mena nei rami del verde stelo,  
 Così alle belle lagrime le piume  
 Si bagna Amore, e gode al chiaro lume.  
  
 E nella face de' begli occhi accende  
 L' aurato strale, e nel ruscello ammorza,

In genial tears, that gladden all the plain;  
 And, ere they cease, the sun with mildest blaze  
 Gilds the soft drops, and penetrates the haze;  
 Then pours the woodland chorister his lay,  
 Shaking the dew from his moist plume away:  
 So in the crystal streamlet of her eyes  
 Love dips his wing and their bright beam enjoys,  
 And points his golden arrow in their flame,  
 Temp'ring its harshness in their trickling stream;  
 Then, oh! directs it with unerring force  
 (No shield, no ready corslet, yields resource)

Che tra vermigli e bianchi fiori scende,  
 E temprato che l' ha, tira di forza  
 Contra il garzon, che nè scudo difende,  
 Nè maglia doppia, nè ferrigna scorza;  
 Che mentre sta a mirar gli occhi, gli chiome,  
 Si sente il cor ferito, e non sa come.

*Orlando Furioso, canto ix.*

Full at the youth; who, fix'd in thought profound,  
Perceives, yet knows not whence proceeds, the  
wound."

Lo, Night treads closely on the heels of Day,  
And dilatory Frederick should away;  
Like other swains, perhaps, in silent hour  
His midnight love-sick rhapsodies to pour.  
" Ah me ! how difficult the task return !  
How shall the youth the path at night discern ?  
Hark ! the winds whistle ! and the welkin low'rs :  
Hark ! hear ye not how fall the patt'ring show'rs ?  
Oh dismal night ! and winds, and drenching rains !"  
Matilda cried : and Frederick remains.  
So round the lighted taper's treacherous ray  
Flutters the moth its little life away :

Nor, by experience warn'd, the danger flies;  
 Returning ever, till, alas! he dies.

Now, gentle Sleep, sweet antidote of care,  
 Hang with thy balmy influence o'er the fair:  
 Bring with thee dreams, that, touch'd with heav'nly  
     fire,  
 Ev'n the pure lips of angels might inspire:  
 Hush every hurried thought, and cautious spread  
 Thy sweetest flow'rs of comfort o'er her bed.  
 Thou, sacred Silence \*, to the spot repair,  
 Lest ev'n a whisper agitate the air.

\* Silence was regarded as a divinity both by the Egyptians and Romans. The former adored Harpocrates, who is represented as holding one of his fingers on his mouth: the Romans particularly worshipped Angeronia, and Tacita, whose image stood upon the altar of the goddess Volupia, with its mouth tied up and sealed.

Poor Fred'rick lays him down, and seeks in vain  
 For Morpheus' poppies to assuage his pain :  
 No slumber weighs his lids in soft repose,  
 To lull the flame that in his bosom glows.  
 With numberless confus'd ideas fraught,  
 He communes thus in secret with his thought.  
 " So soon forgot ! Forgive the thought, my love ;  
 This heart shall never so ungrateful prove,  
 Matilda ! whence th' unutterable charm,  
 Pow'rful my resolution to disarm ?  
 'Tis the lov'd melody of thy mild tongue,  
 Recalling tones on which full oft I've hung ;  
 'Tis thy sweet smile, with kindred energy  
 Shedding a warmth ineffable on me :  
 In ev'ry look my worshipp'd Myra beams,

Or all the day's events are idle dreams;  
 Or gracious Heav'n, perhaps, has heard my moans,  
 And sent her back in pity to my groans.  
 Say, shall the dead revisit earth? Oh no!  
 The dead shall ne'er retrace these paths of woe;  
 Paths where alive they wept: the trial o'er,  
 They shall review this sad abode no more:  
 A sigh, perhaps, o'er sorrowing friends they heave,  
 And drop a tear o'er relatives that grieve;  
 But, ever blest beyond the pow'r of thought,  
 Crown'd with the deathless wreathes their patience  
                   sought,  
 And ev'ry sensual sentiment refin'd,  
 They reap the perfect pleasures of the mind;  
 With thirst insatiate of knowledge glow,  
 And quaff from the pure source, whence *living waters*  
                   flow."

The morning gleam'd behind the eastern hill :  
 Ev'ning return'd : but Fred'rick linger'd still :  
 Sleepless again his anxious pillow prest,  
 And idly sought a momentary rest.—  
 But Raymond still his secret covert kept ;  
 At night alone abroad, like savage, crept ;  
 For keen-ey'd Justice close his crime pursu'd,  
 Whose sword of vengeance he with terror view'd.

Raymond had riches : their attraction gain'd  
 His vile associates, and their aid obtain'd—  
 (Few tempted mortals have their charms withstood) :  
 They keep his secret, and supply with food.

And now, behold, a week had pass'd away—

An age to Raymond; Frederick, a day.  
 What different passions agitate each mind!  
 Here, lust and hate; there, tenderness refin'd.  
 Alike an agony severe they prove,  
 From vicious passion and from virtuous love:  
 But here its rankling dart inflicts despair;  
 Hope shed a smile of consolation there.

Fred'rick at length must bid the fair adieu;  
 His little cottage and his books review;  
 Retrace his solitary walks around,  
 And, wrapt in meditative thought profound,  
 Turn misanthrope; and, in the sunshine laid,  
 Like Cynic snarl at Alexander's shade.  
 No, rather tarry; and Matilda's eyes



May ev'ry ruder transport harmonise ;  
May note his gentleness, his suit approve,  
And crown his sad anxiety with love.

Thus might he ponder in his mind : his heart  
Quiver'd with anguish at the word depart.  
Musing, he frown'd. But as a genial beam  
Through thickest fogs bursts forth, a friendly gleam,  
From the late clouded sun, what time the year,  
Approaching winter, chills with gloom severe ;  
Cheer'd is the animated world below ;  
All nature feels the transitory glow :  
Thus at Matilda's voice (seraphic strain !)  
Flew recollection to its seat again.  
“ Frederick ! ” she said : he rais'd his eyes to view,  
Sparkling with joy : Matilda sigh'd “ adieu ! ”

So fares the trembling dove, of late secur'd,  
 And for the marksman's cruel sport immur'd;  
 For, lo! the door set ope, and urg'd to fly,  
 He spreads his pinions and attempts the sky;  
 Unerring death o'ertakes his speed: ah! see!  
 He falls, when most he dream'd of liberty!

How shall afflicted Frederick bear the pain,  
 Of echoing the sad adieu again!  
 A thousand truths his countenance let fall;  
 Looks eloquent with love soon utter'd all\*.

\* Sien gli occhi nostri  
 Loquaci e caldi; e'n lor le sue profonde  
 Piaghe, e'l interno duol discopra il cuore:  
 Non è sì chiuso, o sì segreto ardore  
 Ch'un ciglio a l'altro no'l riveli, o mostri  
 La dove amor vera eloquenza asconde.

BAP. GUARINI.

Sweetly responsive to his am'rous sigh,  
 Looks eloquent perhaps had made reply,  
 But Oswald enter'd, and the silence broke :  
 Warm with affectionate regard he spoke :

“ Bless thee, my son ! ” the good man said, and  
 smil'd :

“ Oswald would fain regard thee as his child :  
 I had a son, e'en as Matilda dear ;  
 I had a wife ! ” — He paus'd to drop a tear.  
 “ And now sixteen revolving years are fled  
 Since my Amelia and my boy are dead :  
 They perish'd in the wave ; and these eyes view'd ” —  
 Matilda wept, the good old man pursu'd :  
 “ From fair Hesperia's milder clime, again  
 For England we embark'd, and plough'd the main.

Loud tempests howl'd full horribly, and bore  
 Our shatter'd vessel on Liguria's shore :  
 In deep distress we mark'd, at break of day,  
 The frowning coast that close to leeward lay :  
 We struck on a sunk rock : some, boldly brave,  
 In their light boats attempt the furious wave :  
 I hurried, madd'ning with the vast alarms,  
 My wife, my child, in these my frantic arms,  
 With headstrong folly, and accursed haste,  
 O'er the ship's side, and in the pinnace plac'd :  
 I hasten'd back for my Matilda ; lo !  
 The weary mariners their hold let go !  
 Gazing I saw, by bellowing surges tost,  
 The fragile bark engulf'd—and all was lost !  
 I rav'd ; Matilda shriek'd : her innocence,  
 Her helplessness, recall'd my wand'ring sense—

But for a moment: pitiful, and kind,  
 A cloudy stupor darken'd all my mind :  
 At eve, kind Providence was pleas'd to view  
 With eye compassionate th' afflicted crew;  
 And to a friendly ship our guns convey'd  
 Our hist'ry of distress; who lent us aid;  
 Our homeward course to sea-girt England bound,  
 And safely landed on our native ground."

Fred'rick, confus'd, in murmurs utter'd low,  
 "Thy name was then Montalt?" — "Aye, once  
      'twas so:

Now of a relative the name I bear,  
 Who lov'd me living; dying, left his heir.  
 Peace to the good man's mem'ry!" Here he paus'd,  
 Nor mark'd the storm he innocently caus'd.

As the rude hand of Discord, fraught with ire,  
With horrible vibration sweeps the lyre;  
Or light'ning o'er the heath, from gloomy skies,  
Bursts suddenly upon the dazzled eyes;  
Attendant on the vivid flash that plays,  
The thunder follows its terrific blaze  
Louder and louder, till the trav'ling sound,  
Borne on ten thousand echoes that rebound,  
Strikes on the nerves, and with tremendous crash  
All their discordant tones together clash.  
The information that his words impart  
Ring Death's alarum thus on Fred'rick's heart.

Sudden he leaves th' astonish'd pair behind;  
Flies, as if gifted with the wings of wind;

Convuls'd and frantic, rushes to the steep  
That overhangs the loud-resounding deep.

Soon, with disorder'd mien and glassy eyes,  
He reach'd the cave where lurking Raymond lies.  
Forth from his den, full horrible to view,  
Glowing with thirst of vengeance, Raymond flew:  
His right hand brandishes the sword on high;  
Resentment flashes in his scowling eye.  
Fred'rick regards the fierce approaching foe,  
And, with his sword upheld, eludes the blow:  
Bravely that life he hated he defends;  
And his good cause a strength unwonted lends:  
He grapples with the foe, and seeks to twist  
The murd'rous weapon from his struggling wrist:  
Nor easily can wrest: at length succeeds

'To press his deadly point, and Raymond bleeds :  
Deep in his side appears a ghastly wound ;  
He quits his hold, falls on the purpled ground.

Fred'rick the man who thirsted for his blood  
Beholds all welt'ring in a crimson flood ;  
Bends o'er the wretch in sorrow, and affords  
The gentle aid of comfortable words.  
No pitying phrase can sooth his agony,  
No words of gentleness his enmity,  
No admiration of benignant tears ;  
No dread of retribution rouses fears :  
A dagger, in his vest conceal'd from view,  
The impious Raymond treacherously drew :  
Summoning his last effort to his aid,  
In Fred'rick's breast he sheaths the treach'rous blade ;



And then, with mental agony, his pride,  
His passion unsubdu'd, he frown'd and died.

Calm, undisorder'd, though his life-blood flows,  
Fred'rick reclines as one that seeks repose.  
Lo! ris'n from bed of malady severe,  
Poor Richard accidentally came near.  
Groaning with inmost horror, he descries  
His benefactor, where on earth he lies,  
All purple with his blood; while Fred'rick turns  
His languid eye, and smiles on him who mourns :  
“ My friend ! Heav'n sent thee sure : thy tongue shall  
bear  
My dying words to virtuous Oswald's ear.  
Tell him, that Providence was pleas'd to save

His hapless offspring from the greedy wave :  
 Lash'd to a friendly spar, the foaming sea  
 Drove him to land ; and I, alas ! am he.  
 Lo ! pitying Anselmo, from the shore,  
 Benevolent and kind, the foundling bore.  
 There, with parental tenderness, he cheer'd ;  
 And with his only darling, Myra, rear'd.  
 In fond affection we together grew,  
 And mellowing years the ties still closer drew.—  
 (Few words are all I can). With love I burn'd—  
 In one short year I wedded, and I mourn'd !  
 Anselmo, his great grief with age at strife,  
 Quench'd in his tears the glimm'ring lamp of life.—  
 Just Heaven ! thy will be done ! Lo, I rejoin  
 My love, where she for ever shall be mine.  
 In this last stroke the hand of God I see,

That e'en in chast'ning proves his clemency :  
Snatch'd me from crimes in his paternal care;  
From guilty passion, and from fell despair.—  
Matilda! Myra!" — Utt'rance fail'd; Death crept  
Slow o'er the vital principle : he slept.



## ODE.

---

“ FLUTT’RING spirit! whither flying?

“ Shiv’ring, dying;

“ Holy guide, that leadst the way,

“ Give ear unto thy suppliant’s prayer:

“ Check thy fiery speed; declare

“ Thine errand; chase my fears away!

“ Ev’n now would I exult! My soul,

“ Floating on the buoyant breeze,

“ Extends her view from pole to pole,

“ And enthusiastic sees

“ Beneath, how far beneath, my footsteps hurl’d,

“ Suspended in unfathom’d space, the World!

## II.

“ The World ! Ah ! once so dear ! forgot !

“ Regretted not ! —

“ Holy guide ! a moment pause

“ In pity to my thoughts that blaze

“ With flame divine, oh ! strike applause

“ Rapture-born my song of praise !

“ Mark around the golden sphere,

“ All in silent order due,

“ Other rolling orbs appear,

“ Other suns flash on my view !

“ Wrapp’d in unwonted ecstasy I climb,

“ With heart-felt awe, ineffable, sublime.

## III.

“ Through the trackless realms of space  
“ An angel leads the glorious race;  
“ O’er the viewless void he flings,  
“ Silver-tipp’d his sable wings;  
“ The raven ringlets of his head  
“ His ivory shoulders overspread;  
“ From his countenance the light  
“ Beams unutterably bright;  
“ Breathing harmony, that fall,  
“ Hark! his accents musical:  
“ Gentle spirit, newly born,  
“ Kindred angels bless the morn;  
“ Kindred spirits from on high  
“ Hail thine advent in the sky.”

## I.

“ Lo ! I am he who took thy breath ;

“ Angel of Death.

“ And ever thus the child of God

“ In me shall cheerfully regard

“ The harbinger of blest reward,

“ With fabled terrors unendow’d,—

“ The creatures of impiety,

“ Fancy weav’d what fears invade !

“ They mark my form in agony,

“ Horror-fraught, and frown-array’d !

“ Terror my kingly diadem, affright

“ My garb, my sombre canopy the Night.



## II.

“ Oh thou, from earthly blemish free,

“ Thy purity

“ Shall direct thy wond’ring gaze

“ To Him omnipotent above,

“ God of mercy, God of love!

“ Meekly then thine eyes upraise :

“ On Majesty Eternal wait

“ Winged thunder, light’ning-gleam ;

“ Rainbow-zon’d his awful state :

“ His robe is Truth’s refulgent beam ;

“ Upborne upon the cloud his throne ; around,

“ A thousand thousand seraph harps resound.”

## III.

“ Matilda ! my lov’d child ! my child ! ”—

“ My Father,” with expression wild,

Reply’d the maid.—“ Oh say ! oh say !

“ Saw you the angel pass away ?

“ Do I but dream, that I the pain

“ Bear of mortality again ?—

“ Ah me ! I dream’d, and all my grief

“ A little moment knew relief !

“ To the realms of endless day

“ A beauteous angel led the way ;

“ My spirit soar’d to yonder sky,

“ Where tears are drops of ecstasy.—

“ Hush thee ! hush ! thine accents wild

“ Break thy father’s heart, my child.”

\* \* \* \* \*

## DREAM.

---

Fix'd is the term of life : the Sov'reign will,  
Which gives the law to fate, to each assigns  
His portion'd labour in this world of woe ;  
Nor durst we hope the period decreed  
Or art should change, or power or prayer prolong.

But, in the sacred plan of harmony,  
I will not for a moment idly dream  
That all things verge to their predestin'd point,  
And independent of the human will  
Man's actions or to evil or to good.

I will not, like the Turk, my limbs invest  
 In mantles tainted with foul pestilence,  
 From plague-infected corse but newly tak'n,  
 And tempt my Maker to curtail the span  
 His bounty gave. But oh! my wearied soul  
 Can look on death with exultation; hang  
 On the fond hope of that futurity,  
 Where there is peace, and joy ineffable;  
 Where every tear is wip'd from every eye.

Thus pondering, I laid me down to rest.  
 Rest fled my pillow, anxious thoughts o'erwhelm'd.—  
 Death! ultimate resort of human woes!  
 At thy bare mention whence are these alarms?  
 Fertile imagination has pourtray'd  
 Thy ghastly form in every horror dress'd;

And man, like infant trembling in the dark,  
 Recoils, all tremors, from mere emptiness.  
 'Tis the proud pomp of mourning, and the groans  
 Of weeping relatives : 'tis death-bed gloom,  
 And dismal black the hearse and equipage,  
 That constitute thy terrors, and assail  
 With rude convulsion, at bare thought of thee,  
 And throbs tumultuous, the heart of man.

It is no virtuous principle, be sure,  
 Excites the mind to brave the hour of death,  
 As if indiff'rent to futurity,  
 Nor aw'd by fears of laws retributive.  
 That fortitude, which grac'd the Gallic king  
 At his last hour, was senseless apathy  
 In his foul murderers. And he must seek

The motives wide remov'd as vice itself  
 From virtue thron'd above the star-zon'd sphere,  
 That Russel and Egalité alike  
 Enabled unappall'd to bow the neck  
 With equal resignation to the blow.

Ere from the throne of God a ray divine  
 Beam'd bright effulgence on the human mind,  
 The never-dying principle, that glows  
 Coop'd in this cumb'ring tenement of clay,  
 The spark of immortality, was still  
 The theme of sages and philosophy :  
 Ev'n then the wretched, though uncertainty  
 Involv'd the future in its sombre shade, .  
 Could calmly this abode of earth resign,  
 Exchange the present state for that unknown.

The cup of Socrates what mind recalls,  
 But glows with rapturous applause? Sad tale!  
 That the great Roman orator ne'er read,  
 But in the bitterness of grief he wept.  
 Hope pour'd a ray of comfort o'er the couch,  
 When lordly Adrian sooth'd (as sings the swan  
 Her own sad requiem on Mæander's banks)  
 With sweetest strains his fainting soul to rest.

Fatigu'd at length, I slept. In dreams again  
 The subject I pursu'd: for lo! methought  
 I stood upon an eminence, and mark'd  
 The busy crowd that hurrying pac'd below;  
 In every face anxiety: each seem'd  
 In his pursuit assiduously engag'd.  
 Here stately grandeur, gorgeously array'd,

Advanc'd pre-eminent, and in his train  
A band of fawning adulators ; low  
They bow the head obsequious, and attend  
The shrine of folly : silent, and absorb'd  
In meditation of his consequence,  
He marks their homage ; graciously he bends,  
Rewarding their attention with a smile.  
There calculated interest employs  
The thoughts of feeble age, when least he needs  
Accumulated stores. Behind him stands  
His youthful heir, with greedy eyes who views  
The figur'd schedule, largely pledg'd perchance,  
To ruinous anticipation due :  
Importunate he calls on Death to free  
His aged relative from this world's cares,  
And waft him gently to the peaceful realms



Of endless joy — and so the wealth be his.  
Here wanton love and merriment engage  
The young, the giddy, to voluptuous joys :  
They quaff, from laughing bowls, the rosy wine,  
And, on the velvet couch of pleasure laid,  
In the soft lap of dalliance and desire,  
O'erpower'd with passion, amorously sigh.  
Sweet syrens touch the harp, whose music thrills  
Through every nerve, and banishes afar  
The voice of rude reflexion, and the stings  
Of warning conscience. They condemn the dull  
Unprofitably lavish'd words, that, pour'd  
From lips of sage experience, in the school  
Of keen adversity instructed, fall  
Like blunted weapons from an infant hand.

There were among the train, who mildly turn'd  
To heaven the eye of resignation meek ;  
Contemplating the busy scheme of life  
Varying its fashion with the fleeting hour.  
Bright beams the count'nance of the righteous man :  
Contentment wreathes his brow, tho' deeply scarr'd  
With keenest sorrow; ev'n the loss of friends,  
Of children, of the partner of his heart.  
These his enraptur'd eye through deepest gloom  
Can view for ever hovering around ;  
With cherub wing the world's ingratitude,  
Its scorn and hard insensibility,  
Its buffetings, and all its cruelty,  
Warding away from his respected head.

For wealth and power, whose fascination warps  
Too universally the heart of man,  
The mind of holy frame allures not. He  
Whose eye can glance to heav'n, must smile to view  
The frail ambition of aspiring souls;  
Their object, riches, reputation, crowns,  
Through seas of blood and crimes pursu'd; and all  
Centring, so soon, in that abode, alas!  
Where one small measurement must satisfy  
The lowly peasant and the prince alike.

So occupy'd, amid the crowd beneath,  
Each with his own particular concerns  
Appear'd, that few attended to the hum  
Of murmuring groups around them, or remark'd  
What I contemplated with awful dread.

Amid the medly mov'd, with noiseless course,  
On ever-ceaseless execution bent,  
Solemn and slow, the phantom form of Death.  
With nerve and muscle unsupply'd, he seem'd  
By other agency than his own will  
For ever without effort to proceed.  
Like some aërial vehicle, which, urg'd  
By breath of heav'n along, possesses not  
In its own energy the power to check  
The impulse it receives; so he advanc'd,  
All unobserv'd. And now his dart assail'd  
Full many a victim, from the touch who shrunk  
In vain, and quickly vanish'd from my sight.  
Some few their breasts, with disappointment vex'd,  
With gnawing anguish and calamity,  
Presented to the blow, and wildly crav'd

The boon of dissolution : he away  
Turns from the prayer, and disregards alike  
Who madly urge or deprecate the blow.

Mark ye, who most are unprepar'd ; who dream  
Of days and years to come ; in bloom of youth,  
In gaiety and thoughtlessness, who seem  
Devoid of apprehension, and ev'n now  
The tott'ring steps of feeble age regard  
With pitying eye : behold ! the spectre these  
Arrests, while feeble age still totters on !  
The youthful heir, impatiently who sought  
The fair inheritance (that life prolong'd  
Beyond the date his wishes had approv'd,  
Withheld, unduly as he deem'd), is borne

To his last home; and Age profusely pours  
A stream of sorrow o'er his early grave!

Many there were who mourn'd, and who array'd  
In dismal sable from the rite return'd;—  
But ah!—a moment pass'd, and all again,  
With strange insensibility, dress'd out  
In cheerful smiles, and sparkling levity  
Glow'd every countenance around, and each  
Resum'd his former occupation; lost  
Was the lesson of experience, reap'd  
From sad example: memory no more  
Of the grim spectre, that of late away  
Rent from their arms connexions, once how dear!  
To sober reason and reflexion rous'd.

But whilst I gaz'd, and moraliz'd the scene,  
The king of terrors solemnly drew near.  
I will not shrink, I commun'd with my heart;  
I will not shrink, for Death wears not for me  
A form of horror: I will hope for joy,  
Where others tremble with unmeaning fears:  
This heart shall beat with no convulsive throb;  
This hand shall bare my bosom to the dart;  
This eye shall calmly the stern power survey:  
Oh! I shall mingle in the holy crowd  
Of blessed saints encompassing the throne  
Of Glory everlasting, and of Power,  
Of Mercy, and of Love ineffable.

Around the grizly monarch there prevail'd

A chilling atmosphere, which unperceiv'd,  
Ev'n till his near approach, struck to the heart.  
I mark'd his glass, whose falling sand appear'd  
(Ah !) nearly out: it was th' appointed term  
Of my existence ! High he rais'd his arm,  
And bent his eyeless sockets on the glass !  
My resolution fled, my hand oppos'd  
His errand — I awoke in agony.



MISCELLANIES.



## TIBULLUS, BOOK I. ELEGY I.

---

LET others heap up wealth, and vainly prize  
Their wide domain ; whom constant fears molest,  
The sad alarm of neighbouring enemies,  
And martial trumpets, that destroy their rest :  
Me, Poverty shall keep devoid of care :  
My humble hearth with frugal flame shall shine ;  
Cautious I'll mark the season of the year,  
To tend my orchard, and to prune my vine.—  
Gay Hope inspirit me ; and sparkling showers  
Of purple must my teeming vats shall pour :  
For every sacred emblem hung with flowers,  
In field or public pathway, I adore.

From every fruitage of the new-year born,  
     Dues to the rural god I dedicate ;  
 A crown, for golden Ceres, wreath'd with corn,  
     To hang suspended at her temple gate.  
 And see ! Priapus, with his hook in hand,  
     Is plac'd my orchard's guard, the birds to scare ;  
 And you, ye lares of my humble land—  
     Ah ! wealthier once !—ye too your portion bear :  
 An heifer then ; but now a lamb is all  
     The mighty offering of my little soil :  
 Around my victim lamb my hinds shall call  
     For copious harvests to reward their toil.  
 I cannot live content with stinted fare,  
     Nor long fatigue endure ; but seek repose,  
 In sultry dog-days, from the noontide glare,  
     Beneath some tree near which a streamlet flows.

It shames me not to tend my fleecy care,

Or to their task my tardy oxen press;

Or homeward the forsaken lamb to bear,

Or orphan kid, and in my arms caress.—

Spare me, ye thieves, ye wolves, for I am poor;

Seek plunder from a larger flock than mine;

For I my shepherd duly lustrate o'er,

Sprinkling to Pales milk, her rite divine.

Be present, gods! nor from the sacrifice,

Nor from my bowls, turn with disdain away:

Such bowls of old, with rude unskill'd device,

As rustic art compos'd of pliant clay.—

I ask not an accumulated heap,

Of thrifty ancestors the rich increase;

A little will suffice, if balmy sleep,

On my own couch, may soothe my soul to peace.

And, oh! delight! when loud the tempest roars,

To clasp my love, and hush her heart's alarm;

Or doze, whilst the rude south a torrent pours,

Lull'd by its murmur's soporific charm.—

This be my lot: let wealth be his proud boast,

Who dares the frowning terrors of the deep:

Rather be gold, be gems, for ever lost,

Than any gentle maid my wanderings weep.

Thee, Glory prompts to dare the land and wave,

That with rich spoils thy dome may stand elate

Of Beauty, O Messala! the poor slave,

I sit enthralld, and watch th' obdurate gate.

Delia! I seek not fame; would rather bear,

Possess'd of thee, reproach of indolence;

So I may gaze on thee, when Death draws near,

And faintly press thy hand when I go hence.—

Thy sorrow for my loss, thy sighs shall prove,

And mingled kisses, with full many a groan :

Nor is thy tender bosom steel'd, my love ;

Nor is thy ever-gentle heart of stone.

From the sad rite no tearless maid shall bend,

Nor youth unmov'd.—But thou, my love, be-  
ware,

Lest fruitless cruelty my shade offend ;—

Harm not thy cheek, nor rend thy beauteous  
hair.—

Now, whilst kind Heav'n allows, we'll love ; for, oh !

Death, veil'd in darkness, ever hovers nigh ;

Old Age, his thin-clad temples strew'd with snow,

When amorous dalliance is indecency.

Now Venus smiles ; now mirth and frolic charms,

In youthful season unexpos'd to shame—

And I will lead the band—Hence, din of arms,  
And cruel wounds, to those that covet fame;  
Hence, wealth: with my collected store I'll frown  
On riches, and on poverty look down.



TIBULLUS, BOOK I. ELEGY III.

---

You plough, Messala ! the Ægean main ;

Forget me not ; I languish in a land,

Phæacia, all unknown.—Ah, Death ! restrain,

Restrain, I pray thee, thine uplifted hand :

Here is no mother to collect my bones ;

No sister with Assyrian perfume

To dew my silent ashes, or with groans,

And loosely-flowing hair, weep o'er my tomb ;

No gentle Delia, that to every god,

Ere my departure, with entreaty flew ;

And thrice from boding youth, who pac'd the road,

Thrice happily a fav'ring omen drew.

All promis'd fair; yet swell'd her heart with grief;

She eyed my path with sorrow and dismay;

And I, who proffer'd solace and relief,

Sought every new occasion of delay:

I feign'd unprop'rous omens, fear'd offence

'Gainst sacred festivals, which kept me still;

Or hurrying o'er the threshold, made pretence

To trip, sure presage of impending ill.

Warn'd by the god, let no man slight his power,

Or vengeful Love shall with resentment glow,

Shall vindicate his rights in evil hour,

And seize in wrath his arrows and his bow\*.

\* I have ventured in this passage to introduce the angry deity with his weapons, the bow and arrow. It would be more literally translated, if the lines should stand thus:

Who durst depart in unauspicious hour,

Shall well th' offended godhead learn to know.

Ah! what avails at Isis' shrine to me,

Perform'd with cymbals clash'd, her sacred rite,  
Delia all pure from crystal streams by thee!

And ah unblest with rapture thy dull night!  
Goddess! approach; thy power to soothe my pain,  
Full many a suspended tablet prove;

And, mindful of her vows, before thy fane,  
In sacred white array'd, shall sit my love;  
And twice a day, with tresses all unbound,

Amid thy Pharian votaries adore;  
And I again behold my native ground,

And monthly incense to my lares pour.—  
Blest period! when, in Saturn's milder reign,  
No thirst of roaming occupy'd the world;

No lordly vessel spurn'd the raging main,  
And the white sail to bellowing winds unfurl'd—

No wand'ring sailor to remotest climes

For foreign luxuries his course pursu'd;

Nor oxen broke the glebe, in those blest times;

Nor foam'd the courser, to the bit subdu'd:

Nor bolts secur'd the door; nor shapeless block

Noted the measur'd boundary of the land;

The wild oaks yielded honey, and the flock,

Fearless, their swelling udder to the hand:

Nor wrath nor war existed; nor the sword,

Fashion'd by artists with accursed skill.

Now beneath Jove, Olympus' mighty lord,

Fierce strifes and murders the creation fill;

A thousand paths that lead to death display'd!—

Spare, Father! I implore with suppliant eye,

By sense of guilty conduct undismay'd,

Or utter'd blasphemy 'gainst Heav'n on high.

And if ev'n now I must resign my breath,  
 May these few words point out the stone o'er  
 me,—

“ Tibullus lies, arrested here by Death,  
 Who with Messala brav'd the land and sea.”

Me, Venus, her fond votary, shall bring  
 To fair Elysian bowers, where softest notes  
 Inspire the dance, and, hov'ring on the wing,  
 Where wand'ring warblers strain their little  
 throats;

Spontaneous yields perfume th' uncultur'd ground,  
 With fragrant roses blush the hill and grove,  
 And youths and gentle maidens sport around,  
 And mingle in the bloodless wars of love.

There rest, with myrtles wreath'd, whom cruel fate  
 Has sever'd from the object of their soul.

But deep in gloom is fix'd the guilty seat,

By blackest waves confin'd, that sullen roll.—

See pale Tisiphone, with snaky hair,

Th' affrighted crowd from side to side impel;

And hisses in the portal pierce the air,

From the foul serpents of the dog of hell;

Ixion, who durst tempt the queen of heav'n,

On agonizing wheel for ever laid;

And tortur'd Tityus, by fell vultures riv'n,

O'er nine long acres to their beak display'd;

And thirsting Tantalus, near waters pure—

Now, now, he strives to quaff—but ah! they fly;

And Venus' wrath the Belides endure,

And their pierc'd cask with ceaseless labour ply.

There let him dwell who violates my joys,

The dear delights thy love bestows on me.

But thou, my life, thy treasur'd virtue prize;

Let aged matron guard thy purity.

And she shall ply the distaff, and beguile,

With fabled history, the hours that creep;

By slow degrees thy virgins, o'er their toil,

Shall hang their weary head, and fall asleep.

Then, unannounc'd, I'll steal upon thy charms—

Delia, I'll seem just flown from heav'n to thee;

Then, thy long hair disorder'd, to my arms,

Unzon'd, unsandall'd, spring to welcome me.

Oh, bright Aurora! on thy car upborne,

Urge thy fleet steeds, and speed the golden morn.

## A NUPTIAL STRAIN

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MR. AND MRS. -----

---

Jam dicetur Hymenæus,  
Hymen, O Hymenæe! Hymen ades, O Hymenæe!  
CATULLUS.

---

YOUTHS.      ✕

BLEST morn! that shines with lustre on the rite;  
Blest morn! precursor of the happier night!  
Hail Io Hymen! Hymen wreath'd with flow'rs;  
And chide the dull rotation of the hours.  
Hence, Phœbus! to the lap of Thetis hie,  
And leave to gentler Hesperus the sky:  
Juventius seeks delights as blest, that flow  
From lov'd Myrtilla in these realms below:



Ting'd are her glowing cheeks;—away, away,  
 Thy cruelty, oh Phœbus! —close the day;  
 Oh spare her gentler feelings; let the shade  
 Conceal the blushes of the trembling maid.

## MAIDENS.

Nay rather, lordly god of light, restrain  
 Thy steeds, that dart along the starry plain:  
 Bear hence, oh Hymen! mov'd by these our lays,  
 The nuptial torch's consecrated blaze.  
 What agony of sorrow more severe  
 Can agitate the mind, and prompt the tear,  
 Than the sad hour decreed the maid to tear,  
 Lamented object! from parental care?  
 See how thy mother vents her grief in sighs!  
 Oh mark his anguish in thy father's eyes!

And thou, our sister, fly ! ah fly, we pray,  
Of proud imperious man the iron sway.

## YOUTHS.

\* Heed not, oh Hymen ! though the lovely train,  
Of thee, and loss of liberty, complain.  
Against those panting orbs of purest snow  
Love, the sly archer, bends his silver bow :  
His arts shall mould to gentleness the breast,  
And young Desire deprive of balmy rest.  
Then Hymen shall they call, nor call in vain,  
And deck with amaranthine wreathes thy fane.

## MAIDENS.

Ah no ! may other cares our mind engage,  
Nor Love with torture vex our tender age ;

\* At lubet innuptis ficto te carpere questu

Quid tum si carpunt, tacitâ quem mente requirunt ? CATULL.

Far from our unsuspecting hearts be charms  
 That but deceive, and circumvent with harms.  
 Though on his brow the puny godhead wear  
 Of baby innocence the winning air,  
 With kisses o'er the lips and bosom stray,  
 Heed him not, virgins; chase the boy away.

## YOUTHS.

Vain is the boast: omnipotent above,  
 Reigns o'er the gods the infant God of Love.  
 Come, sovereign deity! with all thy smiles,  
 And bring thy proud artillery of wiles;  
 Play in the tresses of their hair; inhale  
 With all their sweets impregnated the gale;  
 Light at their beamy eyes thy torch; laugh,  
     weep;  
 Hush with thy blandishments their fears asleep.

## MAIDENS.

\* As in some garden, Zephyr-kiss'd, a flower,  
 Woo'd by the sun-beam, nurtur'd by the shower,  
 Is by the curious eye with joy survey'd  
 Of many a youth, and many a tender maid :  
 But should the hand of cruelty away  
 Rend the fair object from the weeping spray,  
 Its beauty withers, and its sweets expire ;  
 No youths remark, no tender maids admire.

## PUELLE.

\* Ut flos, in septis secretus nascitur hortis,  
           \*     \*     \*     \*     \*     \*     \*  
 Quem mulcent auræ, firmat Sol, educat imber,  
 Multi illum pueri multæ optavere puellæ :  
 Idem cum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,  
 Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ :  
 Sic virgo dum intacta manet dum cara suis est :  
 Cum castum amisit polluto corpore florem  
 Nec pueris jucunda manet, nec cara puellis.

Such is the spotless virgin, who remains  
 Pure from the spoiler Love, and scorns his chains;  
 But should the boy in fascinating play  
 Purloin the rose-bud purity away;  
 No more by sister nymphs belov'd, admir'd;  
 No more by anxious youths pursu'd, desir'd.

## YOUTHS.

\* As her own sickly weight the vine in vain,  
 Unbless'd, unwedded, labours to sustain;  
 O'er her frail stem unfruitfully she bends,

## JUVENES.

\* Ut vidua in nudo vitis quæ nascitur arvo,  
 Nunquam se extollit, nunquam mitem educat uvam;  
 Sed tenerum prono deflectens pondere corpus,  
 Jam jam contingit summum radice flagellum,  
 Hanc nulli agricolæ, nulli accolluere juvenci:  
 At si fortè eadem est ulmo conjuncta marito,  
 Multi illam agricolæ, multi accolluere juvenci:  
 Sic virgo dum intacta manet, dum inculta senescit.

CATULLUS, *Carm. Nup.*

No youths regard, no beauteous maid commends :  
 But should some husband elm her arms entwine ;  
 What youth, what maiden, disregard the vine,  
 When purple bunches, in a golden row,  
 With bright temptation on her branches glow ?  
 Such is the maiden's fate, condemn'd to save  
 Her virgin trophies for the gloomy grave :  
 But when, with meek-ey'd tenderness, to rest  
 A mother lulls her infant at her breast,  
 What youth but honours her maternal fears ?  
 What sympathising maiden but reveres ?

The heart untouch'd by ecstasies of love  
 No youths admire, no beauteous maids approve.  
 Go thou, Myrtilla ! bless with all thy charms  
 Whom Love, whom sacred Honour, usher to thy arms.

MADRIGAL.

---

Εἰ τις ἐνὶ τριόδοις πλῶνιμενον εἶδε ἐρωτᾶ.

MOSCHUS.

---

FAME, Cytherea, says, A rover  
From thy lap, in which he lay,  
Thy truant child, has crept away;  
A kiss of rapture shall be given,  
An earnest of the joys of heaven,  
To him who shall the boy discover.—  
Queen of delight, in peace repose,  
And I the secret will disclose:

Oh be thy lip of melting passion prest  
 To mine; for Love lies lurking in my breast! \*

\* Udità ho Citèrea

Che dal tuo grembo fore

Fuggito il tuo figlio a te si cela,

E promesso hai bacciar chi te 'l rivela

Non languir bella Dea,

Se vai cercando amore

No 'l cercar, dammi il bacio, Io l'ho nel core.

JOHN BAPTIST MARINO.



## CONFIRMATION OF BERTHA.

---

SHE pass'd: insensibly there stole  
A sweet emotion o'er my soul;  
Such as a cherub from on high  
Unseen might raise, if winging by.—  
Ah me! my heart, struck with amaze,  
Seem'd rivetted, as was my eye.  
Devotion warm'd the beamy rays  
Of her blue orbs she bent above;  
And spirits, with seraphic love,  
Hung hovering, as Bertha knelt,  
Partaking all perchance I felt.

The holy man, who cast on her  
An hasty glance, which he withdrew  
Slowly from the petitioner,  
To raise to gracious heav'n his view,  
Confirm'd her faith. Lo! many an air  
Cradled with kindly zeal her prayer,  
And angels hasten'd to present  
Before the Throne the innocent.

Is there no sylph, of those who fly  
Upon the sun-beam, or who float  
Buoyant on music, on the note  
That thrills the string of sympathy,  
Will waft in whispers to her ear,  
With a soft sigh of harmony,  
That there is one, whilst yonder sphere

Claims all her fervour, all her praise,  
(Forgive him, awful Heav'n!) who pays  
Vows to his idol, and whose gaze  
On **HER** is bent as fervently.

L'aura soave a cui governo e vèla  
Commisi entrando a l'amorosa vita  
E sperando venire a miglior porto  
Poi mi condusse in piu di mille scogli.

PETRAR. SON. lix.

---

GIVE, give, me wine, that I may steep  
My senses in oblivious sleep;  
Nor let the votary imbu'd  
Too deep in rosy bowls intrude;  
And break the slumber, and remove  
The charm that lulls unhappy love\*.—

Barr'd is the door that holds my care,  
And eagle-ey'd who guard the fair.

\* Adde merum, vinoque novos compesce dolores,  
Ocupet ut fessi lumina victa sopor.

Accursed door! may rugged hail,  
 May storms, thy cruelty assail;  
 May Jove, to angry vengeance driv'n,  
 Blast thee with the fires of heav'n\*.—

The wretch in secret grief who pines,  
 Imprison'd in his breast confines  
 His bitterest foe: such is my lot,  
 Who love, and Emma knows it not.—  
 On rapid wing, afar from me,  
 Is fled my heart's tranquillity,  
 Where Beauty and where Emma dwell,

\* Nam posita est nostræ custodia sæva puellæ,  
 Clauditur et dura janua firma sera.  
 Janua ----- te verberet imber,  
 Te Jovis imperio fulmina missa petant.

TIBULLUS.

And bade me a long, long farewell;  
 When I in evil hour survey'd,  
 Th' Egeria \* of yon pensile glade:  
 There Love his victim led, and thine,  
 Devoted led me to the shrine:  
 Fir'd with his torch, the sacrifice  
 First kindled, Emma, at thine eyes.

Love were devoid of every pain,  
 If fragile were his viewless chain;  
 If we as fancy urged could shake

\* Connois enfin Egérie. A ces mots elle sort du bois, et Numa reconnoît Anaïs, &c.

Relève toi, dit Anaïs: je ne suis point Egérie; et les honneurs de la divinité me seroient moins chers, que le titre de ton amie, &c.

*Numa Pompilius* FLORIAN.

His influence off, his shackles break:  
Alas for me ! the god unkind,  
Who stole my peace, enslav'd my mind;  
And so depriv'd of liberty,  
That Death alone can set me free.

Beloved Emma, if the prayer  
Of sorrowing Pheron reach thine ear;  
Who, stricken, over dale, and hill,  
Bears rankling, like the deer, his ill;  
Oh by thy brow, their truth where plighted,  
Love and Beauty seem united;  
Thine eyes of heavenly blue, whose play  
From Pity learnt their soften'd ray;  
Thy lips, that sever'd seem to be  
To utter sounds of sympathy;

Thy bosom, whose unsully'd snows  
 Must ever melt at others' woes,  
 With tears thy lips and cheeks o'erflowing,  
 Like summer drops on cherries showing;  
 Regard my suit, with pity see  
 My trembling heart's anxiety;  
 Where, reason gone, all unconfin'd  
 My passion roams, like Cupid, blind:  
 Oh with a smile diffusing light,  
 Give Passion, reason; Cupid, sight \*.

\* Has she not thrown reason upon Love, and as it were given eyes to Cupid.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S *Arcadia*.



## TO EMMA.

---

Ан! tell me, dear Emma, did love lurk the while  
In thy delicate mind when you granted a smile?  
It thrill'd all my frame, with a rapture more  
sweet  
Than Medoro e'er knew at Angellica's feet \*;  
And methought every tear I had shed, every groan,  
Were repaid in that moment of transport alone.  
Lovely girl! might these lips in thy presence reveal  
Half the pangs I have suffer'd, and still must conceal,  
Thy bosom be sure with soft pity would melt,  
And the big trembling tear speak a sympathy felt.

\* Vide Ariosto.

I love thee, dear girl, with a purity known  
 To a mind that is mellow'd by sorrow alone;  
 And my heart shall maintain, and my constancy  
     prove,  
 Who love as I love thee, can ne'er cease to love.

Dost thou spurn me, mine idol?—then whence  
     was the smile?

The bosom of innocence harbours no guile:  
 Are there rivals more favour'd?—In pity reply,  
 Ere I press to my ruin and lingering die.—  
 Yet thy diffident smile, unprompted by art,  
 Was surely the genuine child of the heart.—  
 Oh when shall my doubt and perplexity cease!  
 Thy smile dawn'd a ray, and Hope whisper'd of  
     peace——

Of peace?—fond delusion!—does Bertha approve  
me?—

Hush, hush, ye rude throbs!——Gentle maid, can  
you love me?—

I have utter'd! and big with my fate is the minute:  
What a world or of anguish or joy centres in it!

Proud of titles, of riches, my rival may woo thee,  
With words honey-tainted, and flattery, pursue  
thee;

May tell thee, thy young inexperience to warp,  
Of the fête, of the dance to the sound of the harp;  
Where all, by the venomous poison of pleasure,  
The heart's finer feeling, the mind's nobler treasure,  
Is blunted, debased; whence Love takes his flight,  
Sickening and sad at th' unhallow'd delight.

Will he watch thee, sweet plant, as thy first beauties  
spread,

And water with tears of soft ecstasy shed?

Will he bend, in return for his bounty bestow'd

With gratitude fill'd, at the footstool of God?

Will he make it his pride, and all pleasures above,

To seek with thee virtue and knowledge, my love?

And when thou art sad, will he bid thee repose

On the prop of the purest affection thy woes?

And to every dew-drop which steals from thine eye,

With the throbbings of tend'rest emotion reply?

Prevent every wish? and his object in life

Be the care of his darling, his idol, his wife?

Will he utter her name with the fluttering breath

That yields the last spark of existence to death?

And quit the bright mansions decreed for the just

While Emma exists with the creatures of dust,  
That his care may protect, and afford her relief,  
His affectionate care, in these regions of grief?  
And wait till the signal of Fate shall be giv'n  
To snap her life's thread; then waft her to heav'n?—  
Was thy smile a delusion?—do you, dear, disapprove  
me?—

Be still, panting heart!—Beauteous maid, do you  
love me?

ON THE  
DEATH OF G— B— H—, ESQ.

---

FRIEND of my heart! too pure to linger here,  
Thy sainted shade is gone to yonder sphere;  
Where disappointment shall no more annoy,  
Cank'ring the bud of ev'ry promis'd joy;  
Where thou no more shalt struggle to compose  
Thy face to smiles, imprisoning thy woes  
Within a heart so exquisitely spun,—  
It burst withal—and thy brief course was done!

What soul but with a secret transport smil'd,  
When with a parent's voice he cried, "my child!"

What ear but would with sweet delight attend  
To the warm accent, when he said, “ my friend !”  
Or who, that e’er has known domestic life,  
But rapture felt, when he exclaim’d, “ my wife !”  
If ever parent with affection smil’d  
O’er the first op’ning blossom of a child ;  
If ever ear would fix’d attention lend  
To the respected dictates of a friend ;  
If ever wife with fond affection stor’d  
The gentle words of her beloved lord ;  
By thine wast thou rever’d : thine early doom  
Has left behind a deep and pensive gloom,  
Which, whilst the flame of life informs their clay,  
No prosp’rous scenes can wholly chase away.

He, who thy short-liv’d destiny bemoans,

Mingles his plaintive accents with his groans ;  
 Weaves in his verse a melancholy vein,  
 And calls a mourning Muse to aid his strain,  
 To frame a lay with unaffected art,  
 The pure spontaneous language of the heart.  
 Lo! he has witness'd the untimely end  
 Of sister, brother, parent, wife, and friend!  
 And still regards with a suspicious dread,  
 If but a casual joy beams on his head;  
 Ev'n from a length of woes has gain'd relief,  
 By suffering familiaris'd with grief:  
 Than him, more truly none thy loss deplore,  
 Friend of his heart!—for none have lov'd thee more.

I name thee not: if fame my verse could give,  
 Then should thy fair report for ever live:



I seek alone, with virtuous intent,  
To give the feelings of my bosom vent;  
For grief within the lab'ring breast confin'd,  
Unnerves the springs that actuate the mind;  
And none, to heav'n who bend, will tamely bear  
To keep conceal'd the lurking scorpion there.  
-But when around I cast a look, and see  
In ev'ry face some lines of misery;  
That all, aloud, or in retirement, pine  
O'er their own woes, and cannot weep for mine;  
I fly to thee, sweet Poetry! and prize  
My source of comfort, though the world despise;  
Though my weak strain attract no generous ear,  
And satire lash with cruelty severe.

A time there was (for ever, ever fled!

For he my friend is number'd with the dead),  
 If to my eye the dew of anguish crept,  
 Straight would he chide me — as he chid he wept;  
 And dealt his censure with a due degree  
 Of firmness blended with sweet sympathy:  
 Grief's arrowy stings against their force would  
                   yield;

His precept check'd, and his condolence heal'd.  
 Who now shall soothe my sorrow for his loss,  
 Since o'er his narrow dwelling creeps the moss!

'The treasur'd mem'ry of the patient worth  
 Which mark'd thy painful progress on this earth;  
 'The manly resolution of thy soul,  
 Firm as the rocks, which ocean's force controul;

The resignation, and exalted thought,  
Which both thy language and example taught;  
Must teach my mind with nobler energy  
To bear, lamented friend! the loss of thee.

If, from these sublunary regions fled,  
Spirits sublime of the departed dead  
Do still retain for those on earth they left,  
Of their communion haplessly bereft,  
Some sparks of that affection which below  
Made them partakers of one weal and woe;  
Beloved shade! behold, with grief sincere,  
The sable train attendant on thy bier:  
Oh! from thy plummy wings in pity shed  
Celestial balm upon their drooping head;

Strew with thine hallow'd hands, whilst yet they  
    stray,  
Sweet flow'rs of consolation in their way;  
Repress their wand'rings, till they reach the bourne  
Where they again shall view the man they mourn.

Quoniam medio de fonte leporum  
 Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat,  
 Aut quod conscius ipse animus se fortè remordet,  
 Desidosè agere ætatem. LUCRETIVS.

---

AWAY, away, with idle sorrow :  
 Enjoy to-day ; we die to-morrow :  
 Human life, at best, we know,  
 Is but a little tale of woe.

Boy, bring the cup, and fill with wine :  
 Freely I cares and fears resign  
 To musty philosophic schools  
 Of greybeards, who would live by rules.

Tune the harp, and touch the string;  
 Strain of amorous dalliance sing:  
 Mingling in the dance be seen  
 Gentle nymph of graceful mien;  
 With smiles the suit of youth approving ;  
 With snowy bosom ever moving,  
 Moulded by the hand of Love,  
 Soft as down of Paphian dove.  
 Nor cease the festive rite, until  
 I gaze enow and drink my fill.

Monster! that with thy presence rude  
 Wouldst on my rapturous hours intrude,  
 Avaunt! Hence, loath'd Satiety!  
 Offspring of Pleasure and Ennui:

Hence! far away direct thy course,  
With all thy hated train,—Remorse,  
And heavy Languor, and Disease,  
Age premature, with tott'ring knees,  
Dull Thought, whose ready influence brings  
Attending Conscience, with her stings.

He comes! he comes! Ah tell me where  
To fly for refuge from Despair.  
And as in trackless Lybia's sands  
The lost and luckless trav'ler stands;  
While dubious projects in his soul,  
Like billows, ever swelling, roll;  
Or back his footsteps to pursue,  
Or onward still the toil renew;

Or turn to Heav'n with hope his eye,  
Or lay him down, despair, and die :  
Thus, thus I sicken, faint, and see  
No refuge from Satiety.



Vellit et admonuit.

VIRG.

---

SONS of Pleasure, gay and free,  
 Of Frolic, and Frivolity;  
 I, like you, have thought awhile  
 Life but one continued smile;  
 Heedlessly have run the round  
 Of giddy Pleasure, flow'ret-crown'd;  
 With enthusiastic soul  
 Drain'd, like you, the nectar'd bowl:  
 And Love, the dear delicious theme,  
 My waking thought, my nightly dream,  
 Full oft would animate my lays,  
 Alternate of reproach and praise,

As Cytherea's wanton child  
On my wishes frown'd or smil'd.  
Prospects open'd on my sight,  
All around me, of delight;  
Eagerly I seiz'd the joy;  
Fondled the sly Idalian boy,  
Nor turn'd me from his poison'd kiss,  
And idly thought its transport bliss.

Affliction taught what little measure  
Of happiness results from pleasure,  
Rous'd in my breast the first alarm,  
That broke the dear deluding charm.

As th' untutor'd Indian eyes  
The polish'd mirror with surprise;

And, eager to possess, demands  
The toy with supplicating hands :  
Curious its secret to explore,  
He hurls the treasure on the floor,  
And wonders of his hopes to see  
The ruin and futility.

## THE DEATH OF LOVE.



ONE day from Cytherea's view  
The little urchin, Love, withdrew :  
The nymphs of Rhodope with joy  
Discover'd and caress'd the boy,  
And press'd the rosy grape, and fill'd  
The sparkling cup, and Cupid swill'd :  
The busy fumes, that upward fled,  
Quickly o'erpow'r'd his little head.

Now, tir'd of frolic and of play,  
His tiny godship would away;

And plies his wing, with silken sound,  
In giddy circles round and round.  
He seeks his mother; but, ah me!  
Poor tipsy Cupid cannot see:  
To Pleasure, by mistake, he flies,  
And on her panting bosom dies.

SONG.  

---

I MARK'D a sacred wreath entwin'd,  
For Virtue's honour'd brow design'd :  
And there was Truth resplendent most,  
    And Pity too, and Piety,  
And spotless Purity, the boast  
    Of unassuming Modesty.

But, ah ! my eye in vain pursu'd  
Its eager search of Gratitude ;  
For Pleasure stole the gem away,  
    And, ever studious to conceal  
The theft from prying eye of Day,  
    Had hid it in her heart—of steel.

## EPIGRAM.

FROM MARTIAL\*.



WHEN all alone, o'er her lost parent dead

No tear of anguish does Miranda shed :

Yet if a friend approach, a large supply

Of bidden sorrow glistens in her eye.

They grieve not, who applause for tears would reap :

He mourns indeed, who can retire to weep.

\* DE GELLIA.

Amissum non flet cum sola est Gellia patrem

Si quis adest jussæ prosiliunt lacrymæ

Non dolet hic, quisquis laudari, Gellia, quærit

Ille dolet verè, qui sine teste dolet.

## \* AT HIS BROTHER'S TOMB.

FROM CATULLUS.



FULL many a surging sea and country crost,  
 I come, my brother, to these rites of woe,  
 The last funereal tribute to bestow;  
 And thy mute ashes fruitlessly accost.

## \* INFERIÆ AD FRATRIS TUMULUM.

Multas per gentes, et multa per æquora vectus  
 Advenio has miseras, frater, ad inferias;  
 Ut te postremo donarem munere mortis  
 Et mutam nequicquam alloquerer cinerem;  
 Quandoquidem fortuna mihi te te abstulit ipsum,  
 Heu miser indigne frater ademte mihi!  
 Nunc tamen interea prisco quæ more parentum  
 Tradita sunt tristes munera ad inferias  
 Accipe fraterno multo manantia fletu;  
 Atque in perpetuum, frater, ave, atque, vale!



Since Fortune from me thee, e'en thee, could sever—

Ah cruelly dear brother snatch'd away!—

Receive such off'rings as of old appears

Our virtuous ancestry were wont to pay,

Dew'd in a torrent of fraternal tears:

Bless thee, my brother! fare thee well for ever!

## ON READING A MONODY

WRITTEN ON THE LOSS OF HER CHILDREN BY MRS. ———.

---

HARK! heard I not the piercing note of woe?—

Tones, that, in unison with my sad strain,  
With sympathetic harmony bestow  
A momentary respite of my pain.

Heed, Heav'n, the plaintive sound! And from yon  
sphere,

Ye dear lost objects of your parents' sighs,  
Cast back a look of love, where, sorrowing, here  
They raise to heav'n above their streaming eyes.

They mourn indeed ! for, ah ! they claim'd of you  
The last sad duty, which, alas ! they paid,  
When, wreath'd with cypress and funereal yew,  
They to the tomb their progeny convey'd.

Just Heav'n ! they mourn, but murmur not. His balm  
Their God shall grant to the poor suff'rers' pray'r,  
For ever prone *their* agony to calm  
Who greatly suffer and who nobly bear.

ON THE DEATH OF  
LADY GEORGINA STEWART.

---

Vattene alma beata é bella,  
Vattene alla superna sede.      ARIOSTO.

---

FLED to thy kindred angels, gentlest maid?  
—Pure as the robe of Innocence thy mind—  
On wing of fervent pray'r to heav'n convey'd,  
From relatives, who linger yet behind;  
From fondest parents, who to earth bend low  
Their drooping heads in sorrow at the doom  
That nipp'd thy spring with killing winter's snow,  
And with a blast consign'd thee to the tomb.

O could my verse ensure a lasting fame,  
     Embalm the precious mem'ry of thy worth,  
 The Muse aloud thy virtue should proclaim,  
     Thy winning beauty, thy illustrious birth:  
 But since, beneath their 'portion'd weight of woe,  
     The favour'd great alike, and lowly, groan;  
 And few—ah! few—on others' grief bestow  
     The tears of sorrow that they owe their own;  
 I mark the moral of the tale, and pour  
     An unadorn'd and unaffected strain;  
 Not idly thy lamented loss deplore  
     With useless phrase of adulation vain.

“ Ye who in Fancy's airy regions range,  
     “ Who dreams of future happiness pourtray,

“ Who think to-morrow’s sun shall bring no change,

“ But realize the visions of the day \*,”

Contemplate this event. The hand of God

Has mark’d the time for all: ere long ye try

The gloomy path that blest Georgi’na trod:

Oh from her bright example learn to die!

Johnson’s Rasselas.

## TO THE SWALLOW.



LITTLE bird, in air meand'ring,  
    Twittering thy Maker's praises,  
'Till my eye, that marks thy wand'ring,  
    Is bewilder'd with thy mazes;  
At thy approach all Nature blooms;  
    Unveil'd her ev'ry charm exposes;  
Fills ev'ry gale with rich perfumes;  
    Strews ev'ry blushing path with roses.

Soon as a wintry blast  
    Lights the leaf upon,

And summer's joy is past,  
Thou art gone.

And O that I,  
When chilling cloud of sorrow  
Glooms the summer's day,  
Thy purple wing could borrow,  
And hie me hence away  
To yonder sky!



TO R—— S——, ESQ.

---

Who, from the careless smiles of Mirth, express'd

On the gay visage with an easy art,  
Shall know the deep recesses of the breast,  
Or read the secret workings of the heart?  
Or who, because no outward mark it wears,  
Shall deem it unannoy'd by gnawing cares?

To each his portion of the cup of woe

The God of blessings in this world has giv'n ;  
Else our affections had been fix'd below,  
And all our thoughts had wander'd far from Heav'n ;

Nor had the good man learn'd this truth—to die  
Is but dismissal to a purer sky.

The virtuous man refrains from vain complaint :

With well-try'd patience he endures the smart ;  
Nor painful finds the generous restraint

To his own bosom, that confines his part  
Of worldly woes, unwilling to destroy  
Or the few moments damp of others' joy.

Some few perchance, beyond their fellows bless'd,

The choicest gift of Heav'n enjoy—a friend,  
Whose sympathy, in hours of grief express'd,

Lightens the burden under which they bend :  
A task, be sure, benevolent and kind,  
To soothe with gentleness the wounded mind.

As two slight columns of Corinthian mould

Sustain some fabric's weight, the power of art

In their twin frame with wonder we behold,

Whisp'ring instructive moral to the heart,—

That mutual succour in the needful hour

Bids Weakness rear her head strong as a tow'r.

Thus in this world, replete with various woe,

Congenial souls, their joys and griefs who share,

In Friendship's kindly aid a refuge know

From the dull gloom of comfortless despair:

Friendship, by every mind esteem'd, belov'd,

Full often proffer'd, but how seldom prov'd!

With gen'rous warmth to suff'ring such as mine,

S——n, thy hospitable door flew ope :

Thou gav'st me comfort; taught'st me to resign

Myself to Providence, my mind to Hope ;

Whose beaming aspect and benignant eye

Cheers the faint heart and checks the rising sigh.

And as the sailor, late by tempests tost,

Secure in haven lies, and hears the roar

Of waves without, in empty fury lost,

That burst impetuous on th' opposing shore ;

So from this peaceful roof, the world forgot,

I hear its storms without, and heed them not.

Where no unhallow'd eye shall dare intrude ;  
With life alone obnoxious to decay ;  
Whence nor oblivion, nor ingratitude,  
Can ever chase thy memory away,—  
Within my breast, a monument I'll trace,  
To Friendship sacred, on my heart, its base.

Ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor  
 Urget ! Cui Pudor, et Justitiæ soror  
 Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas  
 Quando ullum inveniet parem ?      HOR.

---

THOU'RT gone, blest shade, to happier realms above :

'Tis giv'n at length thy gen'rous mind to know

The sure reward of Heav'n—eternal love—

For all thy patient merit and thy woe.

Shall we lament, compassionate and kind,

Thy God beheld, and, pitying, sent release ?

Scanning the deep recesses of thy mind,

He found it pure, and hush'd thy soul to peace.

Ah no! 'Tis for ourselves the tear will rise  
 Ceaseless, till mem'ry fails, and life shall end :  
 And the full breast with tributary sighs  
 Shall mourn our guide, our parent, and our friend.

See, on seraphic wing through air upborne,  
 Thy children, who preceded thee, await,  
 With count'nance bright as beams the flush of morn,  
 Thy welcom'd coming at the heav'nly gate.

O envy'd task ! their anxious arms extend,  
 And gently waft thee to the blest abode ;  
 With smiles encourage, and with joy attend,  
 To the parental bosom of their God.

Ah when shall we, with holy fervour fraught,  
In pure, celestial, animated lays,  
And rapture far beyond the pow'r of thought,  
Join the full chorus of immortal praise !

From yon bright realm, ineffably sublime,  
Still shalt thou cast an anxious look below,  
And with thine influence sooth the sorrowing time  
That we must sojourn in this world of woe.

See, o'er thy tomb, with unavailing sighs,  
Thy widow'd wife and children hang the head;  
And children's children join their piteous cries,  
Wringing their little hands to wail thee dead !



Nor these alone: a wan and woe-worn throng,  
On whom thy charity bestow'd relief,  
Of poor, and helpless, drag their steps along;—  
Their full eye glist'ning with unfeigned grief.

How inexhaustible, devout, sincere—  
Up to the throne of Heav'n their hands display'd—  
They pour of gratitude the fervent pray'r,  
For rest and peace to thy departed shade!

Sweet soothing source of comfort to the mind,  
—Its sad reverse by gen'rous feeling fear'd—  
To know by friends unnumber'd left behind  
Thy mem'ry foster'd and thy worth rever'd!

Methinks I see a solemn sacred band  
    (Imagination lends me friendly aid)  
Of sister virtues, joining hand in hand  
    To guard the sacred spot where thou art laid.

See Pity lovely, with dejected mien;  
    The pearl of soft compassion in her eye:  
And, most conspicuous in the heav'nly scene,  
    Her sister, unaffected Charity:

And Innocence, in milk-white robe array'd:  
    And Piety, with uprais'd hands and eyes:  
And, with a light divine, unsully'd maid,  
    Refulgent Truth, forsakes her kindred skies.

Whilst Hope, with beck'ning hand and soothing smile,  
Directs the wearied pilgrim to his God,  
See moral Rectitude, that knows no guile,  
Points to the track her own Quintilius trod.

## TO MY SISTER.



IN every anxiety,  
When recollection sore oppresses,  
My Mary, thou art more to me  
Than all this idle world possesses.

When, sunk in sorrow, and forlorn,  
I sit me down in tears, and languish,  
I think of thee, and cease to mourn—  
They are no more the tears of anguish:

I think of thee, and how thy cares

Would hush at once my agitation :

I think of thee—thy mem'ry bears

A store of sweetest consolation.

Thy love to me a boon was giv'n,

On earth my chiefest source of pleasure,

By the indulgent hand of Heav'n :

My love shall prove I prize the treasure.

THE  
WOODMAN'S REPLY  
TO THE  
BEECHEN TREE'S PETITION\*.

---

“ As Love's own altar, honour me :  
Spare, woodman ! spare the beechen tree.”

---

WHAT though with wintry toil severe  
My weather-beaten form appear,  
And rudely though my hand assail  
Each tree that decks the hill and vale,  
Thy suit, oh Beechen Tree ! preferr'd,  
Thy moving suit, is kindly heard :

\* A Poem which appeared in the Evening Star, 1805.

The Woodman shall thy guardian be;  
“As Love’s own altar, honour thee.”

For lo! beneath thy sacred shade  
His early vows of love were paid;  
There first, what modesty conceal’d  
The blush of innocence reveal’d;  
There first Myrtea smil’d.—Lov’d tree,  
The rugged Woodman honours thee;  
Will prove his honest heart endu’d  
With sense of heav’n-born gratitude.

But ah! three lingering years are gone,  
Since, widow’d, friendless, and alone,  
I mourn Myrtea’s loss! The morrow  
Wakes me to memory and sorrow!

Fast flow the drops of agony,  
When dew-ey'd Evening weeps with me!  
Myrtea, fled to loftier spheres,  
Left my sad portion love and tears\*.

Thy suit, oh Beechen Tree! preferr'd,  
Thy moving suit, is kindly heard:  
The Woodman shall thy guardian be;  
“ As Love's own altar, honour thee.”

\* Lasció amor meco dolente.

DANTE.



Surripui tibi dum ludis---

Suaviolum dulci dulcius ambrosiâ. CATUL.



I SNATCH'D from thee hastily, Emma, away,  
 A kiss, than ambrosia more grateful, in play :  
 But, alas ! not unpunish'd !—well in mem'ry I bear  
 How I suffer'd, fair maiden, the rack of despair ;  
 When I pleaded my pardon with anguish in vain ;  
 Nor tears nor entreaties the boon could obtain :  
 And thy fingers with ardent anxiety strove  
 To rub from thy lips the fond pledge of my love ;  
 As fearing lest something of poisonous ill  
 Its dew on thy features might haply distil ;

Yet wantoning the while, with the purpose that all  
The sweet rapture I sought might prove bitter as gall.  
Aye, such was its consequence, such is its pain ;—  
Lovely Emma, I never must kiss thee again.

FINIS.







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